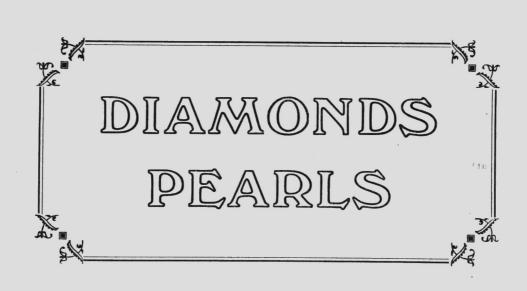
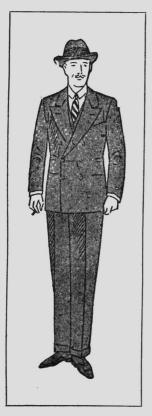
Toyola College Review



Montreal, June, 1925



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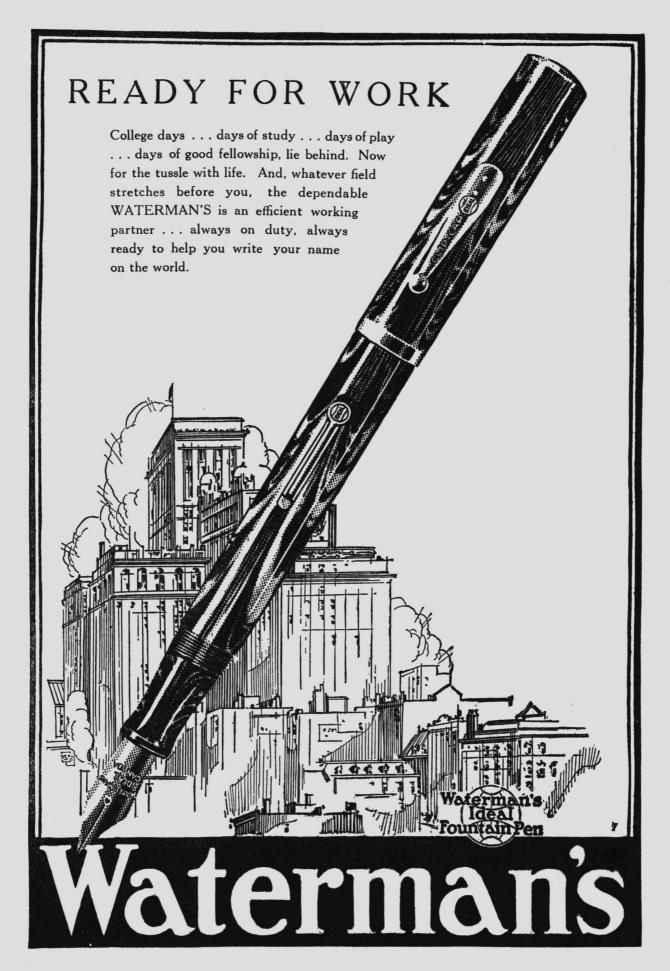
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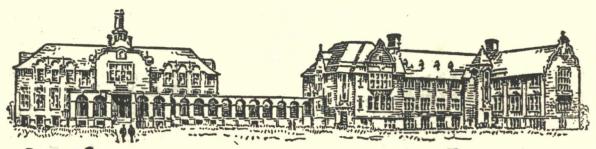
1925

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 11

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Traditions of discipline, effective, but not petty. Students from all parts of Canada. References required.

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CANADIAN JESUIT MARTYRS
BEATIFIED JUNE 14 TH, 1925.

Loyola College Review

The Triumph of Our Martyrs

HE recent Beatification of the eight Jesuits who were slain by the Iroquois in the seventeenth century is an event of unique interest in the history of the Church in Canada. The splendor of the function in the great basilica of St. Peter and the enthusiasm of the tens of thousands who were present, was an eloquent tribute to the memory of Jean de Brébeuf and his seven companions. It brought Rome nearer to our own Canada, and made us grateful to the Pontiff who gave his official sanction—the first of its kind to the heroism displayed by our early apostles. Many servants of God labored in Canada in the past centuries and many of them may some day receive the honors of Beatification, but the eight martyrs recently exalted will always remain at the head of the

The long and intricate process which has been before the Roman tribunals for forty years, but which is now happily ended, raised the veil which hid a heroic period in our annals, and revealed in all their gruesome details the sacrifices those eight missionaries had to make in order to spread the Faith among the Indian tribes. Their Beatification was not merely a gracious acknowledgment of the role they played in the great cause, but it also showed the world how the Catholic Church, sooner or later, rewards those who distinguish themselves in the service of the Master.

When soldiers of the Empire perform brave deeds on the field of battle, their names are mentioned in despatches, their heroism is brought to the notice of the ruler, they are raised in rank in their regiments, medals recalling their daring are pinned to their breasts. It matters little what form the demonstration may take, as long as the heroes are made to feel that they have earned the gratitude of their Country.

While her field is wider and her motives loftier, the Church acts on somewhat similar lines. Her heroes are the martyrs. They are the soldiers who distinguished themselves by shedding their blood in the service of the King of Heaven. No stronger proof of their loyalty could they give than by yielding up their lives in His service.

The Church does not allow such heroism to go unrewarded. Years may pass before the deeds of her martyrs are brought to her notice; it may take other years before the whole story is told of their lives and of their final sacrifices; but when at last the truth is fully brought to light and they are officially recognized as martyrs for the Faith, the honors that this grateful mother showers upon them eclipse all the honor and glory that any State could confer upon its most devoted sons. No triumph ever accorded a Roman emperor can rival the splendor of the ovation which the Church gives her children when she puts them in the ranks of the Beatified. Worldly distinctions, no matter how eminent, have very little meaning beyond the

State that grants them; those conferred by the Universal Church are heralded to the ends of the earth. Thus it is in the case of our eight Canadian martyrs, who suffered tortures and died for the Faith. After three hundred years Rome has judged, Rome has at last spoken, and has attached to their names a glorious epithet, one that surpasses all earthly honors. Henceforth the whole world is entitled to call them "Blessed": artists may encircle their brows with the halo, which is the Church's official pledge that those eight men fought a good fight and won. Their memories will live; their renown is now secure; nevermore shall they be forgotten.

And yet how simple, after all, the whole process seems! The Relations give interesting details of the victories that their heroic devotedness gained over the hearts of red men in the Canadian forests in the seventeenth century. Hidden away in the primeval woods that skirted Georgian Bay and the Mohawk River those eight missionaries lived with the Hurons and the Iroquois, tribes that for centuries had been steeped in the most degrading superstitions; they dwelt with them in their wretched wigwams, shared their coarse food, listened to their ribald conversations, endured their filth, witnessed their vices, yielded to their savage brutality, meanwhile praying for them and teaching them in all joy and patience the sublime doctrines of the Gospel! Aided by Divine grace, they brought thousands of those poor barbarians to a knowledge of the true God, taught them how to live saintly lives and prepared their souls for their life beyond the grave.

Apparently God was satisfied with the results of their labors; the moment had come to reward them with the royal gift of a martyr's crown. The furious Iroquois were the unconscious instruments of His designs, they invaded the Huron villages on Georgian Bay, seized the missionaries, tortured them with burning brands, boiling water, sharp awls and red hot tomahawks. But, while the barbarous Iroquois tormented the frail bodies of Brebeuf and his brethren, they could not reach their souls. Even in the agony of their sufferings the heroic Jesuits prayed for their executioners. Nature, however, could stand no more; they yielded up their lives at last; but what mattered?—, they had fought and won! Clothed in their robes of blood they went before the Great Judge to give an account of their

stewardship.

Those tragic events happened when New France was still a wilderness. Since that distant date many changes have taken place. Generations of men and women have come and gone. With the exception of Brébeuf and Jogues, around whose names historians have thrown a certain glamor, the memories of those martyrs had nearly faded out. Events moved slowly after 1652, when the first efforts were made to gather testimony regarding those victims of the Iroquois. The records of their supreme acts of fortitude were, it is true, to be found in the Relations; but who had the leisure to consult those rare documents? Wars, revolutions, political upheavals, the change of flags. gave Churchmen in Canada other things to think about. It was only in 1884 that steps were finally taken to bring about their Beatification. The records of their lives, hidden away in musty tomes were taken up and carefully examined. After forty years of minute investigation the Sacred Congregation of Rites, satisfied that the eight Jesuits had died for the Faith, finally decided to raise them to the altar. The moral grandeur of their martyrdom was a victory. Their conquest over the powers of darkness was a desire to immortality and power with

The triumph of the Canadian martyrs is complete. Henceforth we may rejoice with them in their new-found status and, practical detail, we may invoke their intercession in our needs. Let us ask them to impart to us some of their zeal and strength of will to remain steadfast in the Faith. Very probably we shall never be called upon to imitate them in their sacrifices. But it is well to know that there is another form of martyrdom, bloodless and less brilliant in the eyes of men, but a martyrdom all the same. Brebeuf and

his companions suffered only a short while. The blow of a tomahawk and all was over. But the martyrdom of years, the slow martyrdom of trials and tears which is the lot of millions here on earth, has its price in eternity. When the Recording Angel unfolds the scroll on the Day of Judgment, the cumulative values of life will play an important part in the verdicts rendered.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

Our Frontispiece

basilica of St. Peter's at basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, crowded with pilgrims from a hundred different lands to the chair of the Holy Father, witnessed a ceremony which elevated the eight Canadian Jesuit martyrs to the ranks of the Beatified.

And now, the whole world over, men are honoring these heroic apostles of the faith who gave up their lives, true to the old Jesuit motto, "For the Greater Glory of God." In all manner of ways Catholic America is paying tribute to these, the first beatified martyrs of the New World. And not the least of these tributes is the beautiful picture of the missionaries, reproduced as the frontispiece of this Review, but to be seen itself in all its quiet beauty at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the Sault-au-Recollet.

The original, an oil-painting, eight by ten feet in size, is the work of Rev. Mother Neilis, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and it is truly an honor to the martyrs to whom it is dedicated and a credit to the devoted nun from whose skillful hand it came.

Perhaps a short explanation of the picture and of the symbolic devices used to indicate the exact manner in which the holy men met their deaths might not be inappropriate at this point.

The central figure in the glorified group of martyrs is, Blessed John de Bréboeuf, the great and justly famous apostle to the Hurons. In his hand he holds an open book, the Bible, signifying that he and the rest of the heroic band died at the hands of the Indians, as priests and disciples of Christ, and not as Frenchmen or subjects of an enemy power. They were martyred for their religion and not for their nationality.

Then we see Blessed Gabriel Lalement holding aloft the image of our Crucified Redeemer. This is also a symbol that these men were killed for their faith and died faithful to it.

Next to Fr. Lalement stands Blessed Noel Chabanel, the gentle and delicate priest who was filled with a zeal for mission-work and its hardships and yet had the frailest of bodies; who fervently desired to be among and to save the barbarous savages, yet shrank in his inmost nature from the filth and corruption of their habits. He holds a closed book, reminding us of one of the crosses which he had to bear, in that he found it almost impossible to master the guttural and varied dialects of the savage beings whom he came to convert.

Blessed Isaac Jogues, the fearless missionary who was on two separate occasions captured and tortured by the Iroquois and finally killed by them, is on Fr. Bréboeuf's left. His hands are mangled and two of the fingers have been torn off by the Mohawks; but his body, scarred by the knives and burnt by the brands of these same savages, you do not see.

Robed in his surplice and stole, Blessed Anthony Daniel stands to the left of Fr. Jogues, while, kneeling, from left to right of the picture, are Blessed John de La Lande, a humble lay assistant to the missionaries, Blessed Charles Garnier, and Blessed René Goupil, all brave and earnest men following their divine calling in the face of every hardship and peril.

Every one of the eight we have just enumerated was martyred, slain in cold blood by the Indians whom they had come to save, and in our illustration, directly under the large figure of each one, we see portrayed the manner of his death.

Thus, beneath the large figures of Frs. Bréboeuf and Lalement, we see the methods used by the fiendish Iroquois to put these priests to death. They are bound to stakes; red-hot hatchet blades are hung around their necks. Their flesh is cruelly torn by hooks; their tongues have been cut out and the nails of their fingers torn off by inhuman wretches. In mockery of the Sacrament of Baptism Indian boys pour boiling water over their lacerated bodies while the flames of the fire leap ever higher and new ways of torture are continually forthcoming.

Below the large figure of Fr. Jogues is depicted the manner in which he met his death— a glib Mohawk invites him to enter an Indian long-house while a skulking confederate steals upon him from behind with uplifted tomahawk. One blow suffices to dispatch the martyr and thus he dies—another witness to the faith of Christ.

Next, Blessed René Goupil is being struck down by a fanatic brave after having made the sign of the cross over a little Indian child.

Beyond, on the other side of the river, is the figure of Blessed Anthony Daniel who died at the threshold of his humble church. His village having been attacked by the Iroquois, he calmly went about his duties, consoling and shriving his Huron charges. When the enemy finally broke through the palisades and into the village the last of the Hurons, panic-stricken, crowded into the little Christian chapel in abject terror. Fr. Daniel, however, remained calm. Standing before the church he opposed the further advance of the Iroquois, becoming at once the target of a hail of bullets and arrows. Thus he fell mortally wounded while the savages rushed over his prostrate form to raze his church and to slaughter the remainder of his flock.

Turning to the lower left background of the picture, we see how Fr. Noel Chabanel, bent on an errand of mercy, has met death at the hands of a treacherous, apostate Huron. For a long time it was not known that Fr. Chabanel had died thus, for the Indian, returning to the mission after the murder, reported having seen Fr. Chabanel and even having aided him on his journey. Long years afterwards, however, the renegade confessed that he had killed the priest out of hatred for the doctrines which he taught.

In the lower left corner are depicted the deaths of the layman John de La Lande, who was martyred in the Iroquois country, and of Fr. Charles Garnier. The latter perished at the hands of a band of marauding savages who attacked the small Huron village of Etharita. Instead of fleeing, Fr. Garnier remained steadfast to aid his little band of converts and to prepare them for death. While thus engaged he was wounded by a bullet; nothing daunted, however, he continued to console the dying and stricken Hurons, and, as is shown in the picture, it was while performing this work of mercy

that he was struck down by the invaders.

Thus we see that the eight who are to be beatified all perished at the hands of savage pagans, and all remained true, even to the bitter end, to the faith which was theirs then and is ours today.

Two of the martyrs were slain by the Mohawks in what is now the northern part of the State of New York. The scene of their death was near the modern town of Auriesville and here in commemoration of the event a monument has been raised in their honor. The remaining six died in Huronia, the

country which borders on Georgian Bay and is now comprised in the north-western part of Old Ontario. At Waubaushene, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Huron and the verdant woods of the surrounding country, a shrine is dedicated to their memory; thither pilgrims go each year in ever-increasing numbers to honor these devoted men.

May the perils and torments which they underwent in upholding their faith ever be an example to us, and may the Church ever have in her midst priests and workers as devoted to the service of God as these men were!

J. DENT McCREA, '26.

AGE TO YOUTH

A drop of water lost on desert sand,
A flash of lightning 'cross a troubled sky,
Has longer durance than life's pendency;
A thread no sooner spun than Death's gaunt hand

With strength remorseless cuts the vital strand.

Above her lifeless child a Mother's cry

Has more avail than has the useless try

Of Life's frail self to 'scape Time's iron band.

O! Be not eager thus your thread to spin,
And think that yours will stretch beyond Time's grasp.

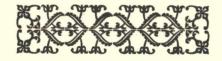
O! Come not yet into the battle's din,

For all too soon we'll hear your last long gasp.

So rest the while stern Duty grants delay,

For when she calls, then Youth has had his day.

JOHN SHERIDAN, '28.



Fool's Gold

ment and Gala day of the College. What! never heard of it? Well, you have certainly missed something worth been there as often as I

while. I've been there as often as I could get an invitation, but it was at this one that I met Jim Duncan, B.A. and valedictorian. Nothing wonderful to mention, you may say, to meet a valedictorian. True enough, it isn't; but this one is certainly worth your notice, for within a month from the time he left college, he found out three things. First, happiness isn't always wrapped up with a College degree, money isn't everything, and lastly, but best of all,—there is no place like home. Know these and you've got a good start in life. But let us see how it came about.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, the campus and great quadrangle were crowded with small groups of students who sauntered about as they held their farewell chats. Already prizes had been awarded, degrees solemnly conferred and the valedictory delivered. For hours, distinguished visitors had eulogized the future of the College. They always do-they can't help it. Neither can the students refrain from wondering if they are ever going to stop. This ordeal at an end, some were escorting parents and friends along the corridors, through the great ivy-covered cloisters, attracting attention to this or that of traditional interest in the College. Shouts of "So long, Bill,—see you next year," or "Don't forget to drop me a line," or "Where are you going this summer?" were mingled with emphatic assertions of the Alumni that things are not as they used to be; for instance, when "Goldy" Shopenhauser was quarter for the College eleven. Everybody laughed and everybody shook hands, but even in the very atmosphere there was an uncanny feeling of regret. Why?—my dear man, there never was a student who was happy when he left the College.

Some distance apart where he could see everybody and yet not be bothered, Besides being well Jim Duncan sat. dressed, handsome and popular, he had the reputation of being fairly intelligent in classes. To-day he was discouraged. Yes, he had his degree, he reflected, but what could he do now? To him a profession was closed because he could not afford to go to a university. What about the home town? The very thought was repugnant to him. There he might rise to be Principal of the Evanstown High School,—a fine prospect! The hardware business with his father? Impossible! He'd just see if his nose would be kept to the grindstone from the moment he arrived home. He'd show them a thing or two! Did a college education necessitate selling flat irons, wash tubs and such? Not a bit of it. He'd go home and see how matters stood. If they weren't favorable, then good-bye to -

"What's the matter, Jim, old boy? you look as if someone shot the two best friends you had and you were one of them."

"Why, hello Bob! didn't expect to see you because you weren't to be found awhile ago. Off to Europe?" then, apologetically, "guess I've got the graduation blues."

Bob Davis, his room mate and boon companion for the past two years was the one man Jim respected. First, he was the richest fellow in the school; after that he was not such a bad sort when you got to know him.

"Any new plans for the summer Jim?—same old heart-breaking tactics that brought home the letters after the Junior Prom? And golf of course."

Jim laughed. "——and then the pot called the kettle black," he quoted. "Not this year, old man. I think I'll

drop down to our country place at Evanstown for awhile, as the folks are all in California. Say, why not pay me that visit while I'm there, before the delay becomes history? I grant you'll find all the arcadian simplicity you are looking for, but just let me know when you are coming and I'll do my best to chase up some excitement."

"It's scarcely possible as I'm booked for Europe. But if my folks leave me behind, I'll send you the odd word. Well, here's the car, old man. I must be off. Best of luck, and don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

Evanstown is just like every other town of the same size so I needn't tell you about it. Most probably you wouldn't read any further if I did. Neither do serious accidents happen to our modern heroes, so I may state at once, that Jim Duncan arrived safely in Evanstown and has been there a week already since we last saw him. Still interested? Well, then, let's go down to the hardware store and hear what's going on.

"James, I purposely sent Doyle with the truck this morning because I wanted to have a little talk with you. What's happened to you, anyhow? You've done nothing else but grumble during the past week. It's a wonder to me you haven't grouched about your mother's cooking!"

"But, Dad, —"

"Please wait until I have finished. Long before you were supposed to have sense, your mother and I decided that we would give you the best education we could afford. We've done more than that. For years we endured personal economy and sacrifice that you might go to college. Your allowance, Lord knows what you did with it, placed you on a par with the sons of millionaires, merely because we didn't wish you to feel embarrassed. Incidentally,

you might be surprised to know that we gave up our anniversary trip. You received the cheque that would have

covered our expenses.

"Frankly, James," he continued. "I don't understand you. If I took an orphan from the gutter and educated him as I have you, he would appreciate it. We have given you more; we have given you our love. Now you come home and deliberately shub good customers of mine who are the means of your very bread and butter! I tell you, you don't know when you are well off. You needn't be ashamed to drive a truck; you are helping your father, and you should be proud to make some return for what he has done for you. Be broadminded! You won't be driving a truck all your life!"

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the postman. "Nuthin' fer you, to-day, Mister Duncan. Telegram fer you, young man. I didn't read it as it ain't allowed, but I reckon as how you're to have a visitor. Good mornin'."

Eagerly Jim opened it, but with a sinking heart, read: "Folks left for Europe without me. Am accepting your invitation. Will arrive 7.30 tonight.—Bob Davis."

"You'll excuse me, Dad. I must see mother about this. A chum of mine is coming here this evening."

"Certainly, Jim, go ahead. And say,—take home this roll of wire with you."

Mrs. Duncan instinctively felt that something was wrong as soon as Jim entered the house. His face confirmed it.

"Why, Jim, what's happened?" she asked. He handed her the telegram. She read it, looked at her son and knew. She decided, however, to allow him every chance to disprove her doubts of him.

"I'm sure he's welcome, Jim."

"Mother, I can't have him here. He's the richest fellow in the college!" "Jim," she replied sadly, "are you ashamed to bring your friends to your own home? Whatever has come over you since you've been to college?"

"A-ah, it's not that, mother, but— Oh, you don't understand. What will

I do?"

He rushed up the worn carpetcovered stairs and entered the "spareroom." On one side stood an antique wooden four-poster, brightened by a new crazy-quilt spread of silk. A good carpet was on the floor, and the pictures about the walls, though simple and inexpensive, were tastefully chosen. Was it the irony of fate which made him look up and read on an old wallmotto, the lines by Robert Burns:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as ithers see us?"

On the other side of the room, near a large white wash-stand with its cumbersome water-jug, two large bay windows overlooked the garden, with Glen Matthew's Garage and Blacksmith shop in the perspective. This last was too much for Jim. "A pretty sight indeed," he thought, for Bob Davis! If he came, how could he ever face him?

Necessity is ever the mother of invention. He rushed over to the grocery on the corner and phoned up Frank Evans, the son of the man who made the town and the owner of the only respectable car there. "Hello, that you, Frank? This is Jim Duncan speaking. I'm in a deuce of a fix, Frank, and I wish you could help me out of it. Could you have your chaufeur meet the 7.30 train this evening? Thanks so much. You'll see he doesn't forget? I'll tell you all about it later. So-long, Frank."

Two hours later, the baggageman had scarcely time to throw off the first milk can on the platform, when Bob rushed down the steps, ignored the astonished porter, and grasped Jim by the hand.

"Gosh, old man, I'm glad to see you! I was all alone at home and I nearly went crazy." Then a puzzled look

came over his features. "Why the

valise?" he queried.

"I'm terribly sorry, Bob, but my kid sister had to contract the mumps. I barely escaped with the car and François over there. However, he can drive us into the cit and we can put up at some hotel for awhile."

"Not on your life, dear boy. I've had enough of the city. The time-table here indicates a return train in fifteen minutes. Suppose we take it and go to our place? I have it! We'll organize a house-party there that will make the very fish fight to get on the

right platter! Let's go!"

They did not have to wait long for the 7.45 south bound. To Jim, however, it seemed an age, for he feared that the station master would come up and ask him why he hadn't hauled away those kegs of nails. Finally, however, when he was comfortably settled in his chair in the parlor car, and the express was speeding along towards Melton Heights, he heaved a happy sigh of relief. Everything had turned out as he had planned!

"Boys," remarked Bob Davis some days later, "we're here to make this house-party a source of ambition to our grandchildren. If there's anyone here who still believes that Medicine Hat is a rival firm of Stetson, or that Great Neck is part of the statue of Liberty, let him be anathema! 'Nuff said! 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.'"

Laughter and hearty applause greeted him, for this was quite a long speech for Bob. "You bet we will!" they shouted. And they certainly kept their word, for at no time after that was amusement lacking. Jim Duncan was by no means the least popular there. He played tennis, rode well, and was an excellent swimmer, while as a favorite dancing partner, he yielded the palm to Bob Davis alone. As time went on, this caused no small amount of

jealousy amongst the male guests. Then, but not until then, they began to wonder,—"Who is this fellow, anyhow?" and "Where did he come from?"

One day when Jim was entering the billiard-room, he overheard two of them

in conversation.

"I can't understand how Bob Davis ever brought him here!" one remarked. "He wears Bob's clothes, spends his money and uses his cars. Has he nothing of his own? I think that he's a confounded imposter. Where is he supposed to live?"

"I don't know. He says his country place is at Evanstown," the other

answered.

Jim waited to hear no more. Hitherto he had been quite happy here, but now he felt that, no matter where he went, accusing fingers would point him out as a fourflusher and a liar. Two days later he was moodily lounging on a seat near the swimming-pool, when Bob came up to him, busting with news.

"Say, Jim, forget the undertaking business for a while and smile at the good news. You'd think you were back at college and were wondering whether Tacitus really said half of what he meant or meant half of what he said. And who cares if Horace were really Mark Twain writing under an assumed name? Cheer up! Here's something to think about. We're going to have a ball this week that will be the utmost in Terpsichorean endeavor. Benson and Cutler are doing all the work and left this morning to make arrangements with the decorators."

"Great stuff!" Jim exclaimed as cheerfully as he could. Yet he experienced a certain feeling of apprehension. Why had Benson and Cutler volunteered to do this? They were not that sort and besides, these were the two, he remembered, who were talking about him that morning in the billiardroom. But why worry? They were certain of nothing in his past, and he felt that they wouldn't take the trouble

to find out anything definite. Quite satisfied with this reflection, he went in for a swim.

A more perfect night for the party could never have been chosen. Benson and his friend were very mysterious, rushing about here and there, promising a big surprise, but keeping everyone out of the secret. Naturally, excitement

was at a great pitch.

At length the doors were opened and all trooped in. For a moment all seemed puzzled at the scanty but unique decorations, then shrieks of laughter rang out on all sides. The walls were covered with numerous placards and cartoons of varied design. "SEE HONEST JIM DUNCAN FOR A SQUARE DEAL IN HARDWARE." "JIM DUNCAN SAYS-OUR WASHING MA-CHINES ARE SUPERB." "USE STAY-AWHILE GLUE—JIM DUNCAN STICKS TO HIS WORD." All were cleverly illustrated and very humorous. Tacked in conspicuous places on the pillars, several copies of the "Evanstown Bugle and Examiner' displayed the following headline: "SON OF HARDWARE MER-CHANT RECEIVES COLLEGE DEGREE." To them this was the best joke of all.

But where was Jim all this time? Quite happy in anticipation of a good evening's entertainment, he was in his room putting the finishing touches to his various sartorial appointments. He heard the hearty laughter below and remarked to himself that those two must have lived up to their boast. He hurried downstairs in order not to miss

the fun.

As he entered the room, a smile of expectancy on his countenance, the laughter suddenly died down and all eyes were turned to him in silence. For a moment he was dazed by the suddenness of it all. Immediately before him a large caricature, in which he was the central figure, displayed him selling dishpans from a Ford truck. He glanced about, reading the placards. The blood rushed to his cheeks until they fairly seemed to burn.

Have you ever been in such a position that confusion brought to you a thousand and one solutions to a difficulty. and all so crowded about you at the same time that you could choose none satisfactorily? Jim certainly experienced a sensation similar to this. First came the thought of shame. He had played a deceitful game and deserved to be humbled. The passing of this thought brought another and this time it was a demand for justice. That same old spirit which, on the football field, had so often prompted him to shout "Play the game," came to his rescue. Now his eyes were opened! This, indeed, was the great awakening for Jim Duncan! These fellows were not playing the game. They were doing something that was small and ungentlemanly. They were taking a mean advantage of his position. Oh, if he could only see his father now, how contritely would he admit to him the truth of every word he had said! These thoughts all passed as quickly as they had come. Now to answer his quondam friends.

"I hope you fellows are satisfied," he remarked, a whimsical grin scarcely veiling the sarcasm of his words. He paused, watched them quietly, then continued: "You were right. I do belong in a hardware store. I left it. however, because I expected to find the real gentlemen in such company as this. The mistake was mine. I admit that you humiliated me; I hope that you enjoyed yourselves at my expense. You see before you one who thought that riches meant happiness; I see in you a positive denial of the belief. May we all profit by it, gentlemen. Good evening!"

Giving them one last contemptuous glance, he turned and strode by them all, passed through the hall and down the steps. Once on the driveway, he quickened his pace and, half running, half walking, he disappeared into the night.

Inside the Duncan home, the little bird on top of the piano came out of his house and cuckooed eleven times. Mrs. Duncan, in her favorite rocker on the verandah, pulled her shawl closer about her shoulders at the sound. Some distance away the train from the south whistled drearily as it entered Evanstown. Need I tell of whom the mother was thinking? When she had mentioned Bob, her husband had looked severe, called Jim a young fool and said that he could stay with his millionaire friends, for all he cared. Nevertheless, she knew that he felt the blow as much as she did. She raised her hand to her eyes, for she could not refrain from weeping as she thought of her boy, her only child.

Suddenly she looked up. Someone was walking down their street. Most probably old Noah Tucker, she thought, returning from the first round of the checker championship at the general store. No, he was stopping at the gate. Could it be that—! She rose from her chair. A figure dashed up the path and in a moment held her in his arms.

"Oh, Mother!" he cried, and wept for very happiness on her shoulder. And she, softly twining her fingers through his hair as she often had done when he was a baby, found herself repeating again and again, "My poor dear boy!"

High in the heavens, a star fell, leaving a golden trail behind it. Perhaps it was God who so welcomed the return of another prodigal. Perhaps it was merely a coincidence.

KENNETH McARDLE, '27.



They're Still With Us

TOOK OA O

is the study of wisdom, all philosophers are not wise men and not all are worthy of imitation. The prime rule observed

in philosophy is reason, but still there are many systems recorded in history subversive of wisdom and which are opposed to the dictates of calm, well-balanced reason. The object of this article is to advance some remarkably "unreasonable" features of the more "unwise" of these systems, and thus gain an idea of the measure of common absurdity that may be found in even the most cultured and distinguished intellectuals.

First we have the Cynic School, so named from the Greek Kuôn, Kunos, meaning dog, because the disciples of this school were always yelping or snarling at others. They taught that the rougher, the more untamed, the more unpolished a man is, the better he The Cynic, who is to be found even to this day, refuses to cultivate the graces of life, absolutely declines to see any happiness in existence, and feels it his special calling to rail at everything and everybody. Fundamentally he is a consistent troublemaker, as shown in the words of Antisthenes, founder of the School: "Better be mad than glad.'

Perhaps the most illustrious member of this School was Diogenes, born about 412 B.C., in Asia Minor. His futile search for an honest man is known to everyone. Even as a boy, Diogenes was apparently surly and ill-tempered and it was, no doubt, in consequence of this nature that he developed into such an enthusiastic Cynic, if the terminology may be used. He held as his most salient principle that to sleep in a bed was a sign of effeminacy, and to prove the courage of his convictions he carried a large tub about with him.

When it came time for his nap, and he took several in a day, he would place the tub in some convenient spot, and curl up there like a cat in comfort.

He portrayed this same nature in every encounter with his fellow men, but his altercations with Alexander the Great are regarded as the greatest example of real cynicism.

He was basking one day in the sun, curled up as usual in his tub, and drew the attention of the King who was passing. The great Alexander approached him and introduced himself, saying: "I am Alexander the Great, of whom you must have heard." To this came the reply: "And I am Diogenes the Great, of whom you will hear a great deal."

Taking pity on our friend, and admiring his courage, the King asked: "Can I do anything for you, Diogenes?"

This was a great concession from such a powerful monarch, but the crowd around was destined to still a greater surprise when they heard the cynic reply: "Yes, you might stand aside so that I can see the sun. You are in the way and I find you quite opaque."

But Alexander stepped aside and said that were he not Alexander he would elect to be Diogenes.

Of course, as we said above, Diogenes was by no means the last of the Cynics, and even to our day their practices and tenets are to be observed. There are many to-day prepared to scoff at everything and everyone, growl in staunch allegiance to that animal after which they were named and generally hold fast to the principle "Better be mad than glad."

There is also another school of philosophers against whom we should raise the finger of warning. And in considering this system we may also find a certain measure of interest. We have many of us looked for a name to describe that chap who never takes

any tangible interest in the affairs of life, never waxes enthusiastic over the victories or good fortune of his fellow men, sits quietly in a corner with impassive mien while others execute a wardance in honor of some crowning success. We have sought oftimes in vain to classify the one who greets victory with an unemotional "Quite good" and hears of great calamity with expressionless "How sad." This is indeed the Stoic.

The theory of the Stoics is that wisdom must cut away completely from enthusiasm and that the truly wise commit a crime to be swayed by feeling or to even permit an appeal to the emotions. "Nil admirari"—is their motto and their practice. The natural outcome of such teaching is to blot out from a man's life all poetry, all enthusiasm, all oratorical fervor, all ecstasies, all display of happiness.

For similar reasons the Stoic must accept pain and punishment without a murmur. If dishonor threatens, he will prefer death, even if he has to take his own life, as instanced in the case of Cato of Utica. Feeling that the country was doomed to dishonor by the success of Caesar's party, he calmly committed suicide rather than live under such a regime.

In college we find the Stoic in the boy who takes no interest in college affairs, who contents himself with contemplating the stars or studying the slow growth of a forlorn moustache.

Still another school of philosophy which sometimes finds entrance into collegiate circles is that of the pessimist, even more prevalent to-day than either of the preceding ones. The pessimist assumes an attitude of dire helplessness in the face of countless imaginary disasters. For him everything is wrong and nothing will ever be right, evil will always triumph, the power of injustice always prevail.

Pessimists have been found in every age. They flourished under the clear skies of Greece where they insisted upon drawing a dark cloud across the sun and in India where they strove to inculcate the doctrine of annihilation. Even in this western hemisphere they have a large following parading as Calamity Jane or Misery Jimmie.

To the pessimist all things are dark, the future has no outlet to universal misery. What could be more baneful than this abnormal view of life; and still in this twentieth century of advancement, we find an unbelievable number who practise in some form or another this pessimism which not only detracts from their ultimate success in life, but makes existence unreasonably miserable for themselves and for all those with whom they come into contact. Again we have the Stoics, who also are to be found in large numbers to-day. They are those who never enthuse, who take no interest in the inspiring or the beautiful, which after all is a higher phase of life. And, finally, we do not have to look far to find numerous adherents to the principles of the Cynical School. We have but to ask those in public life, those who are working for the good of community or state. Ask them if they are criticized, and listen while they recount some experiences in which they have been unjustly berated. This also is the work of the Cynic, and it is their raillery which keeps so many valuable men out of public activity, in which they could do so much for the country and for all civilization.

How much more helpful is the sane philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas! How much more desirable the man who does not live to scoff and laugh, who does not deny himself all legitimate pleasures and manly enthusiasm merely to satisfy the false dictate of a biased conscience, who does not, with the pessimist, waste a life in hopeless moaning, a life which was given him for noble achievement and of which he will have to render a strict account at the Final Judgment.

J. Al. Kennedy, '25.

"THE DEATH OF ST. CATHARINE"

The day is fair; the skies of purest blue Arch o'er a site of still more lovely hue, Where mingled shades of white and gold and brown

Proclaim that here stands Egypt's royal town.

A Roman tyrant, mightiest in the land, Has hailed before him to his court of tears

The maiden Catharine, and there the seers.

Who flock unto a ruler rich and dread, As carrion vultures hover o'er the dead, Are gathered; there among that large array

Are found the so-called wisest of their day.

"What hast thou then to say?" the tyrant cried,

And Catharine, with steadfast calm, replied:

"Oh foolish sages and deluded king! "Before you now a burning cause I bring:

"Release the Christians while you yet have power

"Or one of us shall die within the hour!"
"Enough!" said he who sat upon the

throne, "There's one shall die and soon it

shall be known!
"Think ye I fear a Christian's Christ or

Lord?
"Ho, Rufus! Quickly there, bring forth

the sword!

"But hold! Before us set a wheel of spikes;

"Perhaps its gentle pain the maiden likes!"

The wheel is brought and Catharine, rudely held,

Is thrust upon it; but the guards are felled

By some unvisioned power.—The concourse gasps

And terror stirs it, but the tyrant rasps:

"Bring out the sword and block, and listen, slaves,

"Do now your duty or the Nile that laves

"These palace walls shall redden with your blood

"And bear your bodies seaward in its flood!"

The servile guards obey, and Catharine bares

Her snow-white neck — at last her earthly cares

Are over—and, as downward flashed the knife.

Her soul departing sought eternal life. Then o'er that mighty crowd a silence spread

As bright-clad angels hovered 'round the dead,

Her rended form aloft in silence bore, Then, leaving court and king, were seen no more.

The courtiers' eyes then on their monarch fell

And there beheld a scene not fit to tell.
All leprous, white and still the tyrant lay,

Already turning back to that vile clay From which we all are made. His evil face

Was set in lines too horrible to trace.

T'was he who thus was dead within the hour,

He who had flaunted Christ's eternal power.

But Catharine, the Martyr, high above, Had gained forever Christ's unending love:

Lived, and was loved by all that blessed throng,

Acclaimed by seraph's hymn and prophet's song.

Her life and death a model to us e'er, Pray God her lasting glory we may share!

J. DENT McCrea, '26.

The Seniors Through Junior Eyes



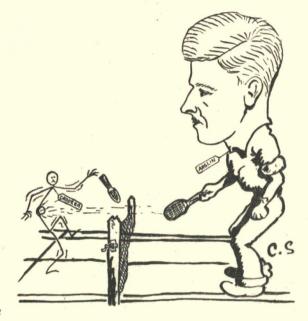
Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm. —Canning.

GERALD ALTIMAS. Affable and a m i c a b l e when chatting with the boys, attentive in the lecture room, with his eyes ever open and scintillating, stern when presiding over the L.C.A.A. Executive, and finally, as active as he is indispensable on the Rugby Field, Gerry has, for the last nine years, ever increased in esteem among the Staff and Student body.

In spite of his fiery locks, Gerald is a cool-headed Philosopher, athlete, organizer and class president extraordinary.

These few, honest, heart-felt statements, are a humble tribute of praise to a young man, trusted by his superiors, esteemed and respected by his companions, admired by all, and who, undoubtedly, when the hour comes to put into practice the principles taught him at Loyola, will prove to be the pride of his Alma Mater, an honor to his family and a credit to himself.

Officer, Class Pres., '22, '23, '24, '25; Lieutenant, C.O.T.C., '24, '25; L.C.A.A. Executive, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Class Hockey, '22, '23, '24, '25.



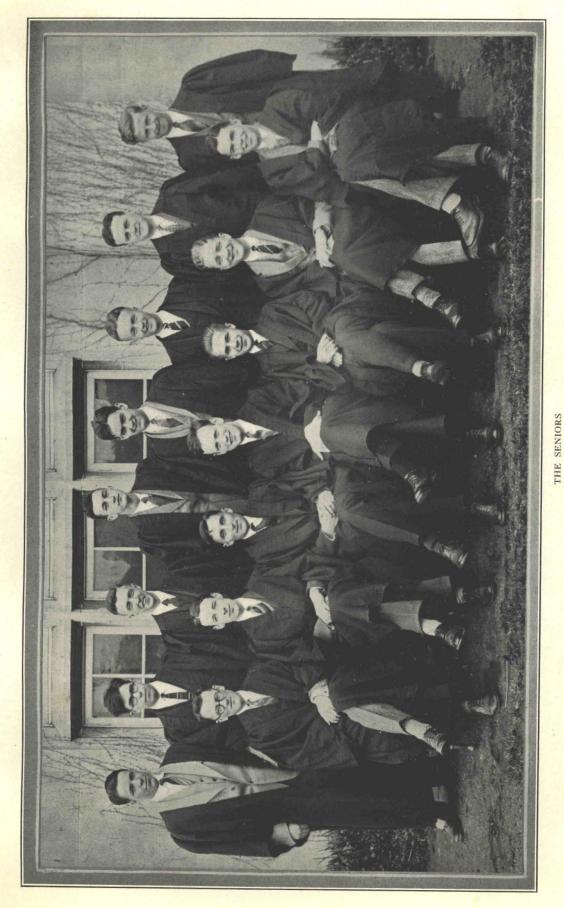
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,

Breathes the keen air—then back to bed he goes. —Goldsmith (revised).

EDWARD ANGLIN. In the eight years that he has passed at Loyola Eddie has won

has passed at Loyola, Eddie has won many friends with his amiable disposition and sunny little smile. While he does not carry off the honors in forensic circles and in class, he is never found in the ranks of the rear guard. He held with credit the position of left-wing on the Intercollegiate Hockey team this year, and since 1922 has been substitute quarter-back in football, his light weight alone preventing him from holding the regular position. Of lacrosse and tennis he is a willing and capable devotee. In losing him, we all feel that we lose a very dear friend. Of one thing we are sure—that the College will have no more loyal and whole-hearted alumnus than Edward Anglin.

Sodality, Hist. Soc., Loyola News, '25; K.P.S., '23, '24; Intercollegiate Football, '22, '23, '24; Intercollegiate Hockey, '25.



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT:—GERARD PATENAUDE, BASIL CUDDIHY, ARTHUR LAVERTY, JAMES McASEY, BASIL PLUNKETT, JOHN LYNCH.
SEATED:—CECIL McNAUGHTON, EDMUND McCAFFREY, GEORGE MILL, GERALD ALTIMAS, LORNE PARKER, CUTHBERT SCOTT, JOHN COLLINS



A worthy fellow; and like to prove Most sinewy swordsman.—Shakespeare.

JOHN COLLINS. "Yes, I know. Father," says John, "but I was reading a book last night that said——" and the class sits back for a rest, knowing that a weighty objection is about to emanate from the learned sage of the front rank seats. John certainly does not believe in accepting everything that he is told without an argument; and his morning controversy with our Rev. Professor is usually productive of much interest if not enlightenment. During his years at Loyola, this fair son of Westmount has been one of the outstanding intellectual lights of the class of '25. John's knowledge of the Super-Heterodyne umpteen peanut tube Radio set is quite phenomenal, and it would not surprise us if he should one day perfect an apparatus for allaying the obnoxious static. On the courts, John usually swings a cruel racquet with his "guide, philosopher, and friend." Art Laverty. The Fencing Clubs are also favorite haunts of Jack's, where he is well known as a promising swordsman.

Altogether, John has the reputation of being a clever student, a good sport, and a gentleman.

Class Tennis, '24, '25; N.R.S., '24, '25; Radio Club '24, '25; Scientific Soc., '24, '25.



Away with him, away with him; He speaks Latin.—Shakespeare.

BASIL CUDDIHY. Basil came to Loyola in 1918 from Querbes Academy, in Outremont. Since that time he has, by consistent work and natural talents, achieved a name for himself as a highly successful student.

Basil's sterling character is seen in the fact that he has held office in the Non-Resident Students' Sodality since 1922.

It is rumoured that Basil, in his quieter moments, with a violin as his only companion, is given to composing stirring airs for the C.O.T.C. On this point, however, as on other C.O.T.C. matters, he is somewhat non-commital. He is, also, on different occasions, given to using German expressions, and to concocting compounds of a very peculiar odour in the chemistry lab.

In bidding farewell to Basil we feel assured that he will meet with success in life, and we sincerely wish that he may retain the many good qualities which will make him greatly missed by his many friends, both among the faculty and the student body at Loyola.

Inter-class Debate, '25; Editorial Staff, L.C. Review, '23, '24; Class Hockey, '22, '23, '24; Non-Resident Sodality, '22 '23; Intramural Football, '21, '22



Whatever Sceptic could inquire for, For every why he had a wherefore.

-Butler.

J. ALOYSIUS KENNEDY. It is seldom that

a youth who comes to Loyola only in his Junior year is able to attain the successes which have rewarded the efforts of this illustrious son of Sudbury. During his short two years in our midst, Al. has held more positions of trust and importance than the majority of those who have made their full course within these walls. He has carried out his duties in an extremely capable and consciencious manner. Famous as a debater and elocutionist, he is still more widely known for his generosity, which might well be said to be only exceeded by his good looks. Al specializes more in brain than brawn, and hence is seldom seen testing his prowess in athletic lines against his fellows. At the inter-flat hockey contests, however, he has been seen once or twice guarding the draperies, and lends his wholehearted support to every college activity. In short, Al is the type of fellow we need most at Loyola, and we will be sorry to lose him. His courage and diplomacy have sponsored many ambitious undertakings, and he will be greatly missed. There is no need to wish him success in his chosen profession of Law—it is his for the asking.

L.C.A.A. Sec., '25; R.S.S., '25; Senior Hockey Mgr., '25; Scien. Society Sec., '25; Intercollegiate Debating, '24, '25; Historical Society, '25.



True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun.

ARTHUR E. LAVERTY. After eight

years at Loyola, Art can be included, and justly so, in that select inner circle. the Old Guard. He is the proud possessor of an exceedingly attractive personality and a very genial disposition. These, in addition to his athletic prowess, have made him a general favorite in the lecture room and on the campus. Throughout his course, his class standing has always been high. He is, in every sense, a true son of Loyola, straightforward, manly and generous to a fault. We shall suffer a great loss when this smiling son of Westmount leaves us. He intends to study law, and we who know him well are confident that the Bar of Montreal will welcome this talented youth with open arms.

Class Hockey and Baseball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Officer, N.R.S., '23, '24, '25; Reserve Officer, C.O.T.C., '25



A jolly friend and loyal too, with noble mind and heart.

JOHN LYNCH-STAUNTON. During his four years at Loyola, Slick has made many friends, and is known to have but one enemy—the rising bell. He has not only gained fame in class work, but has achieved success in various fields of sport. The source of his constant wit, with its daily new joke, is still an unfathomed mystery. He has taken a great deal of interest in the intellectual activities of the College, has been one of the Senior Class representatives in the interclass Debate, and has made himself heard both in the Mock Parliament and in the Elocution Classes. An ardent defender of the West, he can supply with little or no notice, a complete and glowing eulogy of the great open spaces. When he is not in his room, we find him running around the Campus with a club he calls a Lacrosse stick. In losing Slick we lose a good student and a real friend. but our loss is the world's gain.

Lacrosse, '23, '24, '25; Sporting Editor of Review, '24, '25; Class Hockey, '23, '24, '25; Class Baseball, '24, '25; Inter-class Debate, '25; Dramatics, '24, '25.



When I beheld this, I said within myself, Surely man is a Broomstick!—Swift.

JAMES McCASEY. This long and lanky individual who claims the municipality of Notre Dame de Grace as his place of residence, is about to bring to a close a long and brilliant college career. "Stalwart Jim" has only one pet hobby which seems to be almost an obsession with breaking test-tubes. How on earth he contrives to break such a quantity every day is a mystery, not only to his classmates, but also to the overwrought professor. In spite of it all, Jim's departure will create a vacancy which will be difficult to fulfill. He is very paternal in his manner and is somewhat prone to giving sage advice to his less mature friends. While not athletically inclined, he has faithfully lent his moral support to the different athletic events, as well as to all kinds of college activities, both educational and entertaining.

Reserve Officer, C.O.T.C., '24, '25.



Statesman, yet friend; of soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear.

EDMUND McCAFFREY. Eddie

needs no introduction to Loyola students. He is known to everyone of them, and all who know him cannot but be impressed by his charming personality While in no way slighting his splendid capabilities, it might be said that it is through this personality more than anything else, that he has so won our Many and varied have confidence. been the offices he has held, and, be it said to his credit, in everyone of them he has proved himself a true son of Loyola, who, in all things, places selfinterest last. It is with certain pride, mingled with regret that Loyola bids him farewell; pride for his achievements, regret for his departure. He is going from us in body, but in spirit he will always be with us and we shall hear that infectious laugh ringing through the corridors. We bid him farewell with the hope that his splendid qualities may win him such a place in the world as they have among us.

Intercollegiate Debate, '25; Prefect, N.R.S. Sodality, '25; Secretary, L.C.A.A., '24; Senior Football Manager, '24, '25; Advertising Manager, Review, '22, '23; Intercollegiate Debate, '25; Lieutenant, C.O.T.C., '24 '25



An honest man's the noblest work of God.
—Pope.

CECIL MacNAUGHTON. During his four-

year sojourn at college he has been an ardent supporter of the Maroon and White, never missing either a football or hockey match in which the college teams have participated. He has earned for himself the reputation of being one of the most conscientious and ambitious students of his class. His punctuality in attending lectures and C.O.T.C., his great love of philosophical discussions, his oratorical ability, his glowing eulogies and bitter invectives, will only make his absence more pronounced. We entertain no doubt whatever with regard to his career, because Cecil, ambitious, straight-forward and persevering, will not be discouraged by the obstacles confronting him in life. We take this opportunity of extending to him our sincere wishes for his future success.

Class Hockey, '23, '24, '25; Class Baseball, '23, '24, '25; Inter-Class Debate, '25.



"See Naples and then die!" A proud saying... But I say now "See Quebec and live forever!"—Kirby, The Golden Dog.

GEORGE L. MILL. Seven years ago a small boy claiming the ancient capital as his home town and the Quebec Commercial Academy as his former seat of learning joined the class of "Special Latin. He was known to us as George Mill. To-day the dignified philosopher George L. Mill takes his leave, and the student body of Loyola College are quite prepared to go into mourning. George has established an altogether enviable record here. He is an excellent student, and one of the most versatile athletes the college has had in recent years, truly a rare combination. He is of a retiring disposition and a man of few words. In fact one might safely say that his speeches—few and far between as they are—are noted for their terseness and brevity.

He has been the main-stay of the "advance guard" of our foot-ball team for several seasons. He is known to be one of the pluckiest men in Intermediate Rugby.

Sodality, '25; Rugby, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24; President, L.C.A.A., '25; Treasurer, '24; Lacrosse, '22, '23, '24, '25; Class Baseball, '22, '23, '24, '25; President, Scientific Society, '25; Vice-President, '24; Hockey, '21, '22, '23, '24; K.P.S., Vice-President, '25.



"Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
To gaze into his eyes and bless him."
—Cowper.

LORNE PARKER. Our scientist "par excellence" parts this year leaving behind him a trail of scholastic triumphs anyone might well envy. Besides frequently leading his class in the monthly honour list, he invariably carried the day in the field of mathematics, thus testifying to the certainty of success in his future career of Science. Never an ardent devotee of the time-honored institution of "C.O.T.C.," he turned his hours to more practical channels during the past year when he and his fellow mates gathered together upon sunny afternoons to measure the geometrical exactitude of parallellopipeds, whilst oft and anon, the stilly silence would be rudely disturbed by the staccato "Companee-Shun" of the zealous Sergeant-Major putting the "byes" through their paces. No need to wish him success, for of that he will have a generous share due to his great capacity for work, his natural abilities, and last, but by no means least, his high ideals and pleasant disposition.

Radio Club, '24, '25; N.R. Sodality, '24, '25; Class Baseball '24, '25; Tennis, '23, '24, '25.



My life is one demd horrid grind.
—Dickens.

BASIL G. PLUNKETT. The dent body of Loyola College will suffer an irreparable loss on the 8th of June through the departure of a dapper youth from Sarnia known to the world at large as Basil G. Plunkett. Basil came to Loyola from the Almonte High School in September, 1921, and has been very prominent in all college activities, social and otherwise. He has two pet idiosyncrasies—cultivating a tache and concentrating on tennis. He possesses a keen sense of humour, which, in addition to his true Irish wit, has contributed largely to the great popularity which he enjoys. While Basil has been with us for the short period of four years, he has manifested his sterling qualities in more ways than one. We are genuinely sorry to see this sincere and earnest student take his departure. Basil is one of the most forecful speakers in our Mock Parliament and is an amateur actor of no mean ability. We feel very confident that "Bas" will prosper in whatever path of life he chooses to follow. He carries with him, in leaving his Alma Mater, the sincerest good-wishes of each and every Loyola student.

Advert. Staff, L.C. Review, '22, '23; Class Baseball, '22, '23, '24; Editorial Staff, L.C. Review, '24, '25; K.P.S., '22, '23, '24; Class Hockey, '22, '23, '24; Manager, Junior Football, '25.



Les belles actions cachées sont les plus estimables.—Pascal.

GERARD PATENAUDE. This quiet.

unassuming youth came to Loyola from St. Mary's College in September, 1924. During his short sojourn in our midst he has always shown a great interest in class, as well as college activities. "Pat" arrives at nine o'clock sharp in the morning. Never before, very seldom after.

"Pat" is noted for his ruddy complexion, engaging smile and for his ability as a lacrosse player. He is a steady worker and, in short, possesses many fine qualities. We are sorry to see him go and we regret that we did not know him sooner. He is one of the "savoir faire" type, cool, calculating and imperturbable. He possesses an equanimity of temperament which combined with his resourcefulness will always stand him in good stead.

Lacrosse, '25; Radio Club, '25.

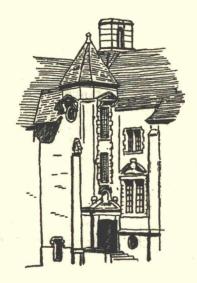


His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.

CUTHBERT SCOTT. Many pages would be required to do justice to Cuth's record. His activities cover every phase of student life. In sport he is a skier of great promise, a skillful lacrosse player

and a member of last year's Junior Canadian Champion team. He has much talent for music, is a capable cartoonist and covered himself with fame by his interpretation of Cattermole, Jr., in "The Private Secretary." For three years he has been a member of our successful Intercollegiate debating team. Excepting the Radio club, there is not an important society in the college of which he had not been an executive. The continued success of the Review is in great part due to his work on the advertising staff of which he has been manager for the last two years. Upon his departure the C.O.T.C., of which he is the senior lieutenant, will lose a valuable officer, while the student body will loose one of their ablest leaders; one who by his genial disposition and straightforward manner has achieved genuine popularity. Loyola will lay the blade of learning's knighthood upon worthy shoulders when Cuth Scott receives his degree.

Debating Society, '23, '24, '25; C.O.T.C. Lieutenant, '22, '23, '24, '25; Dramatics, '23, '24, '25; "Private Secretary;" Senior Football, '23, '24; Review Staff, '21, '22, K.P.S. Secretary, '23; Historical Society Secretary, '25; Senior Lacrosse,'23, '24; Review Ad. Manager, '24, '25.



A New Venture in Music

KOYOLA has once again made evident a realization of her role in the cause of Catholic education and in the service of the Church. through her means the Justine Ward Method of teaching musichas been introduced into Montreal. This method is an educational movement of the highest value, evolved in order to make clear to the world and promote the ideas contained in Pius X's far-famed Motu Proprio. Animated with the same laudable purpose, the College authorities arranged for a normal course to be given at the convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Alexander St. The Directress was the Rev. Mother Stevens of the Pius X Institute of Liturgical Music, New York City, while the demonstrations were made by a picked choir of seventeen young ladies of the same institution. The party was accompanied by Miss H. V. McGrath, Miss Agnes Amy, and Miss Emerson, all of whom assisted Mother Stevens in the demonstration of the method. The accompanist, Mr. Achille Bragers, a former student of Edgar Tinel in the Lemmens Institute, Brussels, showed himself a real master in the difficult art of accompanying in Gregorian music.

About seventy persons attended the course, and all afterwards united in expressions of praise to Rev. Mother Stevens, and of gratitude to Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., Rector of the College, who brought the Schola to Montreal. The desire was expressed that the course should be repeated this summer, and arrangements are under way to put

this into effect.

The visiting choristers made their first public appearance here in St. Patrick's Lady Chapel before a highly appreciative audience. The following Sunday, they sang a Solemn High Mass, assisted by the senior choir of the

College, composed of forty-five voices. The boys marched in procession from the sacristy, followed by the officiating clergy. The appearance of this redrobed choir in the sanctuary was, indeed, impressive, but more solemn still was the effect of the Mass sung in perfect Gregorian chant by this large group of young men alternating with the Pius X choir in the gallery. One felt that this was truly Church music, a music not detracting from, but rather enhancing the devotional feeling emanating from the ceremonial with which Mother Church has surrounded the most august Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Loyola choir whose study of the Mass was confined to the five weeks that immediately preceded its presentation, had looked forward to this, their first public appearance, with feelings of trepidation. The event, however, proved these fears to be groundless. Subsequent comments voiced nothing but whole-hearted praise. This successful demonstration of plain chant is due entirely to the devoted efforts of our music director, Rev. Father Senécal.

On the evening of April twenty-second, a recital was given in the College Hall before Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, and Rt. Rev. Felix Couturier, D.D., Bishop of Alexandria, and the members of the College Club. Every member of the audience loudly applauded the young ladies' exact rendering of difficult scales and intervals and their ready development of original themes in several parts.

A repetition of the Mass was given at St. Michael's with no less success than

at St. Patrick's.

Everything considered, this new venture in musical education was an unqualified success, and we trust that a project so enthusiastically received will become an established fact.

Francis J. McNally, '26.

Mexican Antiquity

RITING on so extensive a topic as that of Mexican antiquity, it is necessary to set some limits to the ground to be covered, lest, becoming

entangled in a labyrinth of details, we diverge further and further from the important points.

First of all, we shall point out some of the analogies between Oriental civilization and that of the Aztecs. We shall then deal briefly with some of the majestic ruins that bear witness to the refinement and culture attained by the prehistoric races of Anahuac.

In connection with early Mexican civilization, it might be well to point out that no writer on this subject can afford to ignore the store of valuable information available in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

Let us turn our attention to the strict analogies that exist between the cosmogonal tradition, the religious rites, and the scientific knowledge of the Aztecs and the Asiatics.

At some remote time, according to the Aztec tradition, mighty rains fell upon the earth, until the waters covered the whole world. No human being escaped except Coxcox and his wife, who had built a boat and had thus saved themselves along with a few animals. This Mexican Noah sent out a vulture which did not return. The little humming bird "huitsitzilui" was sent forth and returned with a twig in its mouth. The very striking resemblence in this to the Chaldean, Hindoo and Hebrew stories of the deluge is surely more than accidental.

Sixty miles outside Mexico City, near the city of Puebla we find the pyramid of Cholula, once constructed, it is said, by giants who survived a devastating flood which spread over the whole earth. Unwilling to be the

victims of the elements they erected a colossal monument the top of which was to reach to the sky. They were well advanced in their construction when the gods, jealous of the height of the building and fearing that its summit would intrude upon their heavenly abodes, commanded fire to fall upon the pyramid. The workmen fled in confusion and left the work unfinished. Here, too, fortuitous resemblance to the Hebrew story of the Tower of Babel is surely out of the question.

The traditions of the Aztecs and of the other races that inhabited Anahuac have some analogies not only with the historical events of the Old Testament, but with others as well which, at first sight lead us to believe that Christianity had at some time exercised an influence

over these nations.

It is said that an old man named Ouetzalcoatl, came from the East. He was fair and had a long white beard. He took his residence at Cholula, taught a religion of love which abolished human sacrifices and commanded charity. The institution of ecclesiastical communities is referred to him, as well as the rites of confession and penance. He is generally identified with the Apostle Saint Thomas. This, however,

is mere legend.

Amid the ruins of Palengue in the State of Chispas there was discovered a perfectly carved cross. As a result of the find a group of enthusiastic clerics of the time of the Conquest too hastily concluded that the Indians had once possessed the true Revelation. Before accepting such conclusions ourselves we must remember that the Cross was the object of veneration in Syria and in Chaldea, long before the death of Our Lord had rendered it a sacred sign for Christians, and that the rites of penance and sacrifice were exercised by nations upon whom the light of Christianity had never shone.

Though all this by no means proves that Christianity had at one time enlightened these tribes, it certainly forms an argument in favor of a common origin between Asiatic and American races.

The rites of marriage in both hemispheres bear great resemblance to each

other, but what perplexes students and inclines the mind still more towards this idea of a common ancestry are the extraordinary analogies in the ceremonies for the burial of the dead. All the aborigines, for the most part, from Canada to Patagonia, buried their dead in a sitting position; this custom common to the Mongols also.

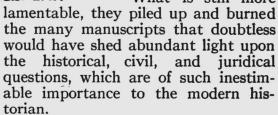
Again similarities between the astro-

nomy of the Aztecs and of the Mongolians afford another very cogent proof in favor of man's common origin. The details of the chronological systems of the Mexicans and Japanese and Hindoos differ somewhat, but the underlying principles are exactly the same. Both grouped the years into cycles; the Aztec cycles cover a period of fifty-two years, whilst the Asiatic consisted of sixty. A still greater likeness is to be found in the hieroglyphics used to designate the days in the Aztec system and those employed for the end of the series in the Asiatic. Both employed the figures of animals, several of which are identically the same; in others the resemblance goes as far as the difference in the various species of animals in both continents permitted, and some are altogether dissimilar.

We may now turn our attention to the majestic ruins, which afford such a vast field of investigation to all who feel that the remains of antiquity are the common inheritance of civilized mankind.

Mexico City, now the capital of the republic, was, four hundred and five years ago, the dwelling place of the Emperor Monctezuma, the last ruler

of the Aztec dynasty. Unfortunately, the infuriated soldiery, burning with rage and associating all Aztec religion with the workings of the devil, destroyed, not only the public buildings, among which was the pyramid temple, the palace of Monctezuma, with zoological park and extensive grounds, but also the marketplace and all the private dwellings. What is still more



The land on which Mexico City now stands, was covered in past ages, by the waters of Lake Texcoco. Here, according to tradition, the Aztecs coming from the north-west from a country named Aztlan were ordered to settle by a prophetic oracle. Where the present Cathedral is situated, the principal temple of the war god "Huitchilopotztli" once lifted its haughty summit, upon whose sacrificial stone thousands of unhappy victims met their death.

During the excavating done in the Plaza Major for the foundation of the cathedral, a cylindrical stone of collossal size was found. This stone was



AZTEC CALENDAR

afterwards discovered to be the Aztec Calendar.

North-east of the capital, about thirty or thirty-five miles distant are situated the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan. One of them, the greatest, was dedicated to the sun. It is composed of four different sections having the shape of truncated pyramids. The base of the first one must measure seventy yards on each side, possibly more. The lateral surface is inclined to the horizon at an angle of about forty-five degrees. A second truncated pyramid has its base on the top of the first one, where the traveller stands and views the verdant landscape. while thoughts of ancient strength and glory and buried majesty come to his mind as he beholds the mighty giant that towers toward the sky.

Another pyramid, but of smaller size, though of identical construction, is said to have been dedicated to the moon. About three years ago, some laborers, hired to excavate the surroundings of Teotihuacan, discovered a citadel which had been regarded as a mere hill. In the course of time it had been completely covered with earth, strewn over it by the winds; vegetation had done its work so well that its appearance could easily deceive the most penetrating eye. The fourth side of this citadel has not yet been unearthed and it is feared that it will never be found. Rare hieroglyphics cover the walls of a neighboring temple

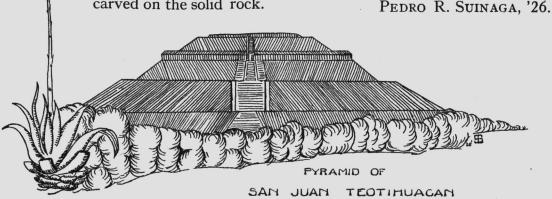
> while protruding heads of dragons of great dimensions are symmetrically carved on the solid rock.

Gazing upon these architectural monuments, one cannot help but think of the high degree of culture attained by the races responsible for these pyramids. It is generally admitted that when the Aztecs first entered the plateau of Anahuac, about 1,300 A.D., these pyramids had already been extant for centuries; they are attributed to the Toltecs, predecessors of the Aztecs.

The most remarkable ruins, however, lie to the south-east and east of the capital; they are the ruins of Palenque, Chichen-Itza and Uxmal. The cross of Palenque, famous for the conjectures to which it has given rise, is easily discernbile on the side of a stone wall amid the ruins of Palenque.

All of these ruins exhibit many traces of oriental influence, whilst they possess certain features which undoubtedly have a claim to originality.

This short account may give some faint idea of the many points of resemblance between the Aztec and the Oriental civilizations that can be learned from the monuments which a past civilization has left as reminders to posterity. Just as Chaldea, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome in the eastern hemisphere have left relics of the days of their proud splendour, so too the Aztecs and their predecessors, once mighty and prosperous, the proud rulers of Tenochtitlan, the undisputed leaders of civilization in their day, have left as a legacy to posterity, edices majestic in structure and elegant in style, wrapped in past glory and unforgetable greatness, a tribute to their country, an honor to themselves.



The Silver Lining

HE early morning sun breaking was just through the rain clouds which had hidden it for two days as Cliff Anderson scrambled up the last bit of rocky trail that led to his new claim. As a matter of fact, Cliff hadn't very high hopes concerning this latest acquisition of his; surface indications were not promising, to say the least. But he was too good a prospector, too experienced in the mining game, not to know that Nature's riches are uncertain; and he never overlooked the slightest opportunity for the fortune he had dreamed of since the beginning of his life-long search for silver. A bit of unstaked land had attracted his notice two weeks before, when passing on a hurried trip, and having driven his stakes, he had given it the fanciful name of the "Gray Goose" and had not revisited it since.

Cliff reached the spot where he had left off his previous investigating and stood looking into the shallow pit. No, indications certainly did not point to any fortune just there. With a sigh the man eased his pack to earth and sat down on a boulder to think. Was it going to be another failure? Surely he had had enough hard luck all his life, just struggling along, living from hand to mouth, seeing men make fortunes around him, but never one of the lucky ones himself. Would he ever be rewarded? He was getting on in years, too, and there would come a time—not too far off—when he would no longer-

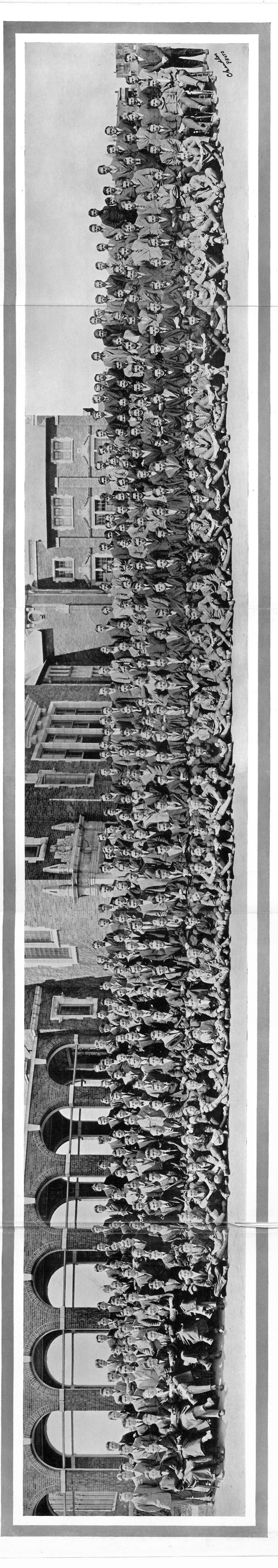
"Aw, shucks!" ejaculated Anderson at this point, "What's the use of thinking about it? It's time I was getting to work."

Thus reproving himself, he sprang up, grasped a pick, and started in. Stopping only for occasional breathing

spells, he worked steadily for two hours, deepening the hole and clearing the earth from a considerable area of bedrock. Taking a moment off to get his pipe alight, the lean and muscular miner proceeded to unpack some steel drills and a light striking hammer, with which he began operations on the uncovered rock. The work was slow and tedious, yet on this particular day the prospector welcomed it, since it gave him relief from his disturbing thoughts.

At midday he built a fire, made a strong brew of tea, and cooked some bacon, upon which, with some bread from his knapsack, he made his simple meal. A comfortable smoke in the shade of a rocky ledge, and then the work was begun again. By three o'clock he had drilled four holes about an inch in diameter, one at each corner of a square, and slanting in towards the centre.

Slowly and carefully Cliff fixed fuses and caps to four sticks of powder, placed them in the holes, and packed them down with soft earth. With a coolness born of long practice, he applied a match to each, making sure they were properly lighted, then retreated to a safe distance. In a few minutes a dull boom was heard, and a shower of rock and dirt rose in the air. Cliff waited for the fumes to lift, then approached and climbed into the hole. Quickly be began to clear away the shattered rock. Perhaps his luck had turned at last. But as he worked his past failures rose before him. Could he stand another? He had half a mind to turn away and abandon it when something caught his eye among the rocks. In an instant he was on his knees, examining his find with a mining glass. Yes, it was! It was! Seizing a shovel, he worked feverishly, and with each shovelful of rock removed it became more and more evident, till



at last there was no doubting it. The dynamite had done its work thoroughly—the whole face of the rock was shot full of virgin silver.

Success, success at last! Kneeling among the rocks, with heart full of gratitude and joy, Cliff thanked God for his fortune. For a time he worked happily with his pick, uncovering more and more prospects, until the light waned and it began to grow dark. Then, taking some specimens to scrutinize more carefully that night, he joyfully went his way to his tent on the lower ridge.

It was late that night before Cliff rolled himself in his blankets and later still before sleep finally overcame him. Fortune after all these long years of toil and disappointment. He could hardly believe it. At last he went to sleep to dream of riches and travel, the comforts and independence of wealth. Poor Cliff! The morrow was to bring

new developments.

The day was already well advanced when he awoke, and with a start he realized that he had long overslept his usual hour. Dressing hastily he had just finished preparations for breakfast when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and presently a stranger made his appearance. Cliff had time to see that he was young, probably about eighteen or less, before the traveller hailed him with a cheery "Good morning."

"Morning, Son," answered Cliff, and then seeing the lad eyeing the sizzling bacon hungrily, he added "Had break-

fast yet?"

"Not much" admitted the stranger, "Ran out of grub last night and could not find anything but raspberries this

morning.'

"You got here just in time, then," said Cliff cheerfully "Sit down and help yourself," and he quickly got out another plate and cup.

"Thanks," murmured the boy briefly, seating himself on a dunnage bag.

For some time the two men ate

silently, each covertly studying the other. Finally Cliff broke the silence.

"Prospecting?" he inquired.

"I'm looking for a lost claim," said the boy eagerly. "One my Dad owned around here somewhere. He staked it about five years ago, and before he could ever come back to it, he died."

Cliff frowned. "This country had been burnt over twice since then" he said thoughtfully. "It's going to be some job to find it. Got the loca-

tions?

"I haven't got a thing to go by." responded the boy dejectedly, "and yet I've simply got to find it somehow. Mother and the kids at home are just about desperate."

Cliff had been watching his visitor intently. "What's your name, son?"

he asked at last.

"Bill Woods."

"Woods? Any relation to Jack Woods?"

The boy looked up quickly. "Jack Woods was my father," he said proudly.

"Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, son, your Dad was my best friend, the whitest man I ever knew. So you're his son, eh? Well, well, I thought your face looked familiar."

The two clasped hands, and then and there began an intimacy which was to have a great significance for both.

Then the grizzled miner said: "Come on up the trail a piece, Bill. I want to you something." Cliff was thoughtful as he led the way up the steep path. So his old side-partner was dead. Poor old Jack! Cliff would always remember how Jack had saved his life in the Ragged Chute Rapids, and now Jack's family was in trouble. Cliff felt he must do something for them, and yet, what could he do? If he could help the son to find his father's claim-Slowly an idea took hold of him, grew and strengthened. till it became a firm resolve. Yes, he would do it. Here at last was an opportunity of paying his debt to his

old friend. But the lad must not suspect. By this time they had reached the "Gray Goose" and Cliff turned to the youth who waited expectantly at his elbow.

"See here, son," he said earnestly, "it's lucky you met me. I guess I'm the only one alive who knows where that claim of your father's really is."

"What?" cried Bill excitedly, "Do you really know where it is?"

"Sure thing" said Cliff. "We're on it

now. There's the corner post."

Bill let out a whoop of joy and his whole face lighted up. But when Cliff showed him the pit and its contents, his happiness knew no bounds. In a voice choked with emotion he thanked Cliff again and again, vowing he could never repay him. Cliff was happy too, almost as much as the other.

"Don't thank me, Bill," he said, "It's your Dad's old claim, but it's all

yours now."

"But how is that these stakes are yours, and all new too?" inquired Bill.

"Oh, I just staked it out in case someone else came along," replied Cliff, and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the boy accepted his lame excuse. As soon as Bill was engaged in the pit, Cliff quietly began to collect his tools, lashing them into a compact bundle for his shoulder. At last he was finished, and turned for a last farewell before starting down the trail, back into the old life of hardship which he had thought closed by his discovery on the "Gray Goose" claim.

"Well, good-bye Bill," he said slowly. "I guess I'll trot along. Some claims of mine over by Beaver Lake need looking after." Bill scrambled out of the trench in amazement.

"Why, Cliff, you must be crazy!" he cried. "You've got to stay with me now. I can't run this thing alone. It's half yours, anyhow."

Cliff shook his head firmly. "No, son, it's all yours," he said. "But you'd better be careful that somebody doesn't swindle you out of it."

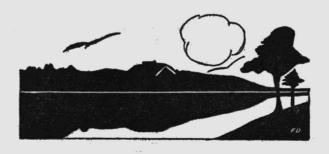
"Look here," said Bill desperately. "Let's get down to business. I can't get this claim developed alone. Now, will you take a half interest in it, and stick with me till we see it through?"

Cliff was silent, then "You're sure you want me in on it, Bill?" he inquired "I'd like to be your partner, but—"

"But, nothing!" exclaimed the youth happily, and the two clasped hands beside the trench that meant prosperity for them both.

"Partners!" murmured Cliff, as his thoughts went back to his last partnership, with this boy's father. "Well, Bill, I guess it's the only thing to do. We'll run this thing together;" and just then the sun shone forth with a new splendor, as if to set its golden seal upon the beginning of their new born friendship. The "Gray Goose" claim had saved the day.

B. G. PLUNKETT, '25.



Our Unknown Statesman'

should have some authentic source of information about the life, the character and the achievements of "one

whose years in Canada were few, but were long enough to leave upon its political and social life an extraordinarily deep and lasting imprint." This they now have in the "Life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee," by Mrs. Isabel Skelton.

This volume is not only one that will arouse and hold the attention of the reader. It is something far more; it is a valuable addition to Canadian historical literature; a book that cannot be overlooked or neglected by any one who wishes to have a justly balanced view of the Confederation period. The extracts from McGee's speeches and poems make him live again in our midst. We learn to know him, to appreciate the nobility of thought, the intense patriotism for his adopted country, the unbounded love for the poor and unfortunate, and we begin to realize the universal sense of loss that followed upon his untimely death.

In the year 1825, at Carlingford Lough, one of the most beautiful bays in Ireland, was born the man, who, before his life had run its course, was destined to leave a permanent mark on three countries. His mother, who commanded his undying love, was a woman of unusual attainments, with an appreciation of both literature and music. In her we find one of the great moulding forces of his childhood. Her death, which occurred when he was but eight, gave him his first touch of sorrow, from which his life was never to be entirely free. After her death his education was in the hands of Michael

¹ THE LIFE OF THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, by Isabel Skelton. 554 pages. Garden City Press, Gardenvale, Que., \$4.00.

Donnelly, a good old hedge school-master.

From the beginning, D'Arcy showed marked talent in his appreciation of the beautiful, as witnessed in his early poems, which showed rare promise for one so young. His natural oratorical gifts were soon made evident in the Juvenile Temperance Society, where with his refreshing boyish eloquence and mature arguments, somewhat surprising in one so young, he attracted large audiences and excited much favourable comment.

In 1842, young D'Arcy McGee and his sister Dorcas sailed for America. Carried away by his enthusiasm at the Fourth of July celebration at Boston, a month after his arrival, he jumped into a nearby cart and made a brilliant speech full of praise for his adopted country, a speech that held the crowd for half an hour. The following day he was installed as a reporter in the offices of the Boston Pilot, the great Irish American newspaper of the time. However, he did not remain there long, but was sent out on the road as a speaker. Here he received his first real training as an orator in the hard school of the circuit speaker.

But such talent could not long remain unnoticed by his Irish compatriots, and as a consequence he was invited by Wilson Gray to come and write articles for his paper the *Freeman's Journal*. He accepted and, in 1845, we see him back once more in Ireland. His sojourn with the *Freeman's Journal* was brief. For he soon left it to write for the Dublin *Nation* in whose columns he achieved an immediate success.

The editor of the *Nation*, Charles Gavan Duffy, and his associates Thomas Davis, John Blake Dillon and Smith O'Brien were the leaders of the Young Ireland movement, and it was not long before D'Arcy McGee was with them heart and soul, wielding

wide influence through his pen and his oratory. The work of the Young Ireland party and its final dissolution is a matter of History. Suffice to say that the training it gave D'Arcy McGee in the restraint and temperance of his views was of invaluable aid to him in his future life in Canada.

In the year 1848 McGee escaped to the United States as a fugitive with a price upon his head. Here, fortunately for Canada, he did not secure the full recognition of his talents. He never really appreciated the intellectual work of the country, and, in fact, never became a citizen. His nine years in the States witnessed his vigorous campaign against Know-Nothingism, but was marred by controversies with Archbishop Hughes and some of the Hierarchy. However, throughout his life there, abundant evidence of his changing viewpoint can be seen. At first a strong hater of Britain and everything British, he gradually came to see that some good might flourish even under English rule. This recognition of Britain's good points angered his old comrades Mitchell and Meagher, who became his bitter enemies.

After nine years of strife, McGee crossed to Canada. Here no mean task awaited him. The Canada of those times was very different from the Canada we know to-day. It was torn by feuds and schisms. Cliques ruled almost exclusively. The Act of Union of 1841 had, by the factions into which men were divided, been made utterly unworkable. The people of Atlantic coast were isolated and unhappy, while the West was wild and uncivilized, given over entirely to the trading companies.

It was into this maelstrom of political strife and faction that McGee came in 1857. No man was better fitted to deal with the situation than he. By reason of his recent advent into the country, he was free from all political antipathies. His broad intellect and extensive historical knowledge peculiarly adapted him to conceive the idea of a Confederated Canada. a Canada united from coast to coast. He worked constantly for the fulfilment of his vision through long, dark days of strife before his idea could be accomplished. He, it was, who, years before contemporaries dreamed of union, was advocating it. And in the light of history we need have no fear in saying. that, but for D'Arcy McGee, Confederation would have been delayed for

many years, perhaps forever.

An idea of the personality of the man and the work he accomplished can be gained from the fact, that when he entered Canada in 1857 he was known only to a few friends in Montreal. Yet, in a few months he was in Parliament. On that fateful night, April 7, 1868, he left the House of Parliament never to enter it again alive. Shortly after he had said good-bye to his friends, the fatal shot rang out that ended the career of Canada's greatest statesman, D'Arcy McGee. The country was stunned. Canadians still live who can recall the sense of horror at the death of McGee.

He died before he could see the fruits of his labors, but every Canadian should marvel at the work he accomplished during the ten years he was with us, and thank God that he was spared to us

that long.

In view of what I have written above, one would be justified in thinking that McGee is the national hero of Canada. But no, a grave injustice has been done him through some hostile influence and others have secured the credit for work he did, others who were even hostile to Confederation. His name is not mentioned in any Canadian history. And hence we have the strange anomaly of the greatest man of a country unknown in that country except to a few. However, it is to be hoped that this will shortly be remedied as a direct result of the celebration held in his honor at Ottawa a short time ago, when all the leaders of Canada united to do homage to Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

JOHN COLLINS, '25.

A First Step in Forestry Education

Class was treated to an instructive as well as enjoyable outing when they were the guests of the Government at the Provincial Forestry School and Tree Nursery of Berthierville, Que. A cordial invitation had been extended to us, through Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J. to visit the school, and the first opportunity of doing so was taken. It was decided that the most convenient way of getting there was by automobile, and for this purpose a large motor bus was chartered to accommodate the overflow from the cars so kindly offered by a number of the class members.

About nine o'clock, therefore, on a beautiful golden morning in mid-October, a gay "cavalcade" set out from the College, with Father Rector, two Professors, and fifty students in the company. The drive was enjoyed by everyone, the crisp autumnal air and gorgeous scenic effects of the countryside combining to create a feeling of unreality, as if we had been transported by some conjurer to a land of scarlet enchantment. The road followed the broad St. Lawrence a good part of the way, affording us occasional glimpses of picturesque river craft. After a three hours drive, our destination was reached, and the party gathered in the dining-room for lunch. With appetites sharpened by the long drive, everyone did full justice to the excellent repast which was served. Shortly afterwards commenced a tour of the grounds, the party being divided up into small groups with an instructor in charge of each. This proved most interesting. All the usual varieties of trees, as well as many rarer forms were pointed out

and examined, and time passed quickly in this absorbing study.

The School in its present situation has a double purpose. In the immediate vicinity there are no less than twenty-five thousand acres of land, which was once heavily wooded, but is now bare and practically useless, due to too rapid forest clearing. Shifting sands have covered the soil and destroyed all the vegetation. However, through the work of the Forestry School, this land is rapidly being reclaimed. The first step is the planting of coarse beach grass, which takes root where other plants cannot subsist; then come mosses, then ordinary grass, and finally trees. In the short time that the school has been established at this point, a large part of this waste land has been turned into fertile soil by this process.

The other, and primary, object of the institution is to train men to make up the personnel of the Forestry Service. It is a primary school in woodcraft, turning out graduates who work in conjunction with the men who have obtained degrees at Universities such as Laval and University of Montreal. Besides their lectures, the students receive a great deal of valuable training in the practical work which they perform about the Tree Nurseries.

Our trip was a decided success. From the standpoint of Education, it would be difficult to find anything more suitable or more beneficial; as an outing it proved most pleasant. We cannot conclude without thanking those in charge for their interest and efforts on our behalf, and in particular we wish to thank Mr. Bedard, the President, to whom we were indebted for a most enjoyable day.

B. G. PLUNKETT, '25.

ODE À LA LIBERTE

LIBERTE, liberté! Fille de la chimère! Fleur autrefois concue au sein de l'âme-mère. On ne croit plus en toi maintenant! Mais le tas Des coeurs abâtardis que l'aurore effarouche, Croupissant dans la fange et saignant de la bouche.

Blasphème et dit que tu n'es pas! Les sentiers sont déserts qui vont à la montagne; Un silence abruti pèse sur la campagne; Nul ne fouille aujourd'hui la profondeur des bois. Pour trouver ta retraite, ô fleur, vivant ciboire, Et pour plonger sa face en ta corolle, et boire

Les pleurs de l'aube que tu bois! Mais s'il en reste un seul qui s'indigne et bondisse Et pour qui l'esclavage est la pire immondice; Liberté, liberté, je suis déjà debout! Ma jeunesse étincelle ainsi qu'une cuirasse. Debout! j'entends chanter dans l'orgueil de sa race

Mon coeur irascible qui bout! Je ne veux plus rêver, le soir, sous les charmilles. A l'angle des cailloux meurtrissant mes chevilles, Pour te ravir, ô fleur, je fuirai la cité. Le soleil et ma foi seront mes girandoles, Et je te cueillerai, maîtresse des idoles,

O souveraine Liberté! J'irai dans les bois clairs où chantent les ramures, Où roulent sur nos doigts les framboises trop mûres Comme les grains d'un chapelet! Plus loin encor! L'oeil et le coeur tournés vers le Nord magnanime, Ie presserai mes pas dans l'espoir qui m'anime

De t'y découvrir, ô Trésor! Car c'est là ta retraite! Au fond du Nord sauvage Où ne sont point marqués les pas de l'esclavage! Dans les vallons houleux que nul oeil ne sonda! Car c'est là que tu croîs, parmi l'âpre culture Des bois tumultueux où la vierge nature

Chante le nom du Canada! Liberté, liberté! Fleur de la solitude! Fleur sanglante, immortelle, à la fière attitude. Dans les forêts du Nord j'irai te détacher! Tes sauvages parfums, ô fleur de mon ivresse, Font battre sur mon coeur le sang de ma jeunesse

Comme la mer sur un rocher! Je cours! Ah! j'userais les forces de ma vie, Le soleil sècherait mon âme inassouvie, Je mettrais en lambeaux mes pieds nus sur les houx, Oue je crierais encore en ouvrant la narine: "Mon coeur n'est pas vaincu dans ma lourde poitrine,

Je marcherai sur mes genoux!"

An Achievement in Letters

😭OYOLA had a signal honour conferred on one of her sons a few months ago, when Robert Choquette, '26, received notice that he had taken second place in a poetical competition set by the "Revue des Poètes" of Paris, and open to all French speaking countries of the world. The award was a fine silver medal, and the poems of the prize winners were published in the newspapers and literary reviews of many nations. It was indeed a creditable Mr. Choquette achievement that should rank so high among the many thousands of talented contributors. He was also numbered with those created Poets Laureate of the Sorbonne. In fact, Robert has already begun to make a name for himself in the literary world, and a few years ago won first prize in a similar contest set by the literary review "Le Studio" of Belgium. In recognition of these honours, Robert has recently been admitted to the Association of Canadian Authors, and to the exclusive "Société des Poètes" of Quebec.

In his contributions this year to Canadian poetry, our honoured young friend has already laid a very stable corner-stone to his future edifice in the truthfulness and virility of his poems. His style is youthful, yet manly and natural, as we may see in his first book "A Travers les Vents" (Through The Winds), which contains his high aspirations for a great and majestic Canada of the future. The book has a prologue picturing a wearied poet, who, not finding satisfaction in the quiet of the valleys, ascends the crest of a mountain, where he holds converse with the four winds of heaven. The North Wind speaks in sombre sadness; the South Wind in delicate sweetness; the East in abundant fertility; and the West Wind concludes in stirring lyrics of a mighty future. In the closing poem of the volume "L'Aigle Rouge (Red Eagle), the author has beautifully portrayed an Indian Prince, Red Eagle, singing his love song to his tribe, and watching with grateful eyes the reunion of the warring factions among his people, through his strong appeal. This is perhaps his masterpiece. In it he brings before the mind the sublime beauty of crystal lakes, the tranquility of verdant fields, and the awe-inspiring grandeur of the mammoth mountains of young America. Loyola is proud of Robert, and we will look forward with every confidence to his career as a poet, bringing to himself and to his Alma Mater the desired fruition of his talented endeavours.

Albert Fregeau, '26.





NLIKE other articles in the Review, this feature depends not on the present students, but on those who have preceded them and are now outside the College, often beyond easy reach. All ex-students are asked to help make these Alumni notes more complete in future, by sending any bits of information that may come their way. Such items may be sent at any time to the Editor.

We wish to thank all the Old Boys who have so readily responded to our call for subscriptions. The Alumni and the present students should be the main supporters of the College publications. Without their assistance, the year book could not appear. It is to be hoped that those who have not yet received their copy will send in an order before the supply, which is limited, will be exhausted.

The May devotions in several city parishes were ardently preached by the following alumni: Fathers James Flood, '11, Thomas Bracken, '17, Joseph O'Hagan, '15, Wilfrid O'Kane, '18, and Wilfrid Sullivan,' 19. Next year they hope to have assisting them Jasper Stanford, '13, whose ordination takes place in June. Following close on his heels are Gordon Carroll, '24, and David MacDonald, '23, who have finished one and two years of Theology, respectively, at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Charlie McCullough, ex-'25, is attending the Collegium Capronicum,

Rome. Being a physical wreck after last years' exams, he set out on a tour of Italy, winding up in the Alps. His most thrilling hike was when he made the Rittner Horn. Returning, wellfitted for another year's study, he served at the blessing of Pope Leo XIII's body at St. John Lateran's; at the opening of the Holy Door at St. Mary Major's; and at the opening of the Missionary Exposition at the Vatican. Charlie will be ordained in 1927. His brother Bernard, '12, will be ordained the same year at the Jesuit College at Woodstock, Md.

Charles F. McCarthy, ex-'22, said his first Mass in the Church of the Assumption, East Boston, April 3rd, 1925. Father McCarthy, while at college, was noted as a singer and a debater, helping to make many an entertainment a success. George Fee,

C.SS.R., ex-'17, was one of the missioners preaching at St. Michael's during Lent. Father Michael Enright, ex-'22, famed as a half-back and ball player, is assistant at Holy Family Church, Toronto. Father Tom Brady, '13, another great football, hockey, and ball player, is parish priest at Maynooth, Ont. Father Corbett McCrea, is pastor at Lancaster, Ont. Charles Baker, '20, is assistant at St. Columban's Church, Cornwall, Ont. Father Loyola Poupore, ex-'17, is assistant at St. John the Baptist's, Pembroke, Ont.

Martin Storey, Brendan Cloran, and Harold Lacroix, all of '27, entered the Novitiate at Guelph last September.

Rev. C. Fawcett is stationed at Copper Cliff in the North Bay diocese, Ont. Rev. J. T. Brennan, '98, is parish priest at Espanola, Ont. Rev. Edward Molloy, C.SS.R. is superior of the Redemptorist House and Parish Priest, 2101 Nebraska St., San Antonio, Texas.

Gordon Carlin, '17, Professor at the University of Wisconsin, is preparing for his M.A. in languages. The *Review* is grateful to Gordon for the tireless energy he showed while advertising manager. We take advantage of this occasion to congratulate him upon the arrival of a little girl to cheer him for the loss of his first born, a boy. Alfred Camacho, ex-'24 is with a law firm at Leicester, England. He visited the Wembley Exhibition, sending us a brief but interesting account. "Tony" Ribadeneyra, ex-'13, is with the Bridgeport Screw Co. Tony used to devote much of his time to track work at the M.A.A.A. grounds, and was noted as a sprinter. He tells us that Ralph Farrell, ex-'12 also living in Bridgeport is the proud father of four children, three sons and a daughter.

Jack Austin, ex-'07, formerly Captain in the U.S. Navy-Submarine division has lately been made manager of a Steamship Co. in Honolulu. "Dinty" Doran, ex-'22, is prospering in New York. He looked up Joe Fargis, ex-'21, but found out that Joe is now living in Chicago. Jimmie Dooling is getting his High School diploma this year at St. Joseph's Prep, Philadelphia. He intends taking up Law. Rumour has it that Peter Marien, '14, is to join the ranks of the benedicts this summer. Eric Zimmerman, ex-'28, has a prominent part in the Capitol Orchestra. He expects to go to Europe in the fall for further study. Desmond McNamee ex-'25, is doing very well with a firm of accountants in the city. He will write his final exam in the near future. Winthrop Terry, ex-'25, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, will soon be a fullfledged midshipman. Brian Hammond,

ex-'24, of Relay Team fame, is in business at Waterford, N.Y. Gabriel Villada, of the same year, is in the Supervisor's Dept., of the Royal Bank of Canada, in Havana, Cuba. Gabriel gave a fine cup as a prize for the Senior Aggregate for this year's Field Day. His brother Manolo, now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Cuban Army, represented Cuba in an International Rifle Shoot held at Lima, Peru, November, 1924. We extend our heartiest congratulations to him upon his recent marriage.

Clem Trihey and his Loyola Hockey Team came within one goal of landing the Intermediate Intercollegiate championship. Torry Shibley was a regular on the Victorias, Quebec's Amateur Senior champions. D'Arcy Leamy, played football and hockey for London Ont., O.H.A.

Of the Class of '24, Paul Brennan is studying Philosophy at the Jesuit College on the Island of Jersey, and Wilfrid Scott is following the same course at Stonyhurst. Casey has been engaged by the Bell Telephone in the city. Levesque is studying Law at the U. of M. and this year was elected President of the Athletic Association at the University. Morris Davis and Eddie Brannen are taking Law at McGill. "Rusty" gave a wonderful display of musical ability in direction of the "Red and White Revue" this year, while Eddie once again scintillated on the rugby field. Marcus Mulvena recently entered the railway business in Sherbrooke. Ed. Lane is married and is proud of his only child. Alex. McGovern is city manager of a local Insurance Co.

Jim Maloney, '24, now at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, has already distinguished himself in debating. He also won a silver medal in elocution. Hugh Allen, '24, is studying Dentistry in Toronto. Tom Day, '24, is at Osgoode Hall, and is the popular president of Newman Club for Catholic students

of the University of Toronto. Allan Scott, '24, is with the Metropolitan Insurance in Ottawa. He was lately made a captain in his department. Jack Quinlan, Gerald Wayland, Matthew McCormick and Bill Power are in Commerce at McGill. Gerald Walsh is in the Arts Course, Francis Villela, Denis Malone, Paul Cuddiby and Alex. Grant are in Science, and Earl Leasage is in Medicine with Carl Sutton, who is finishing his 3rd year. Hector Decary and Paul Wickham are in Law.

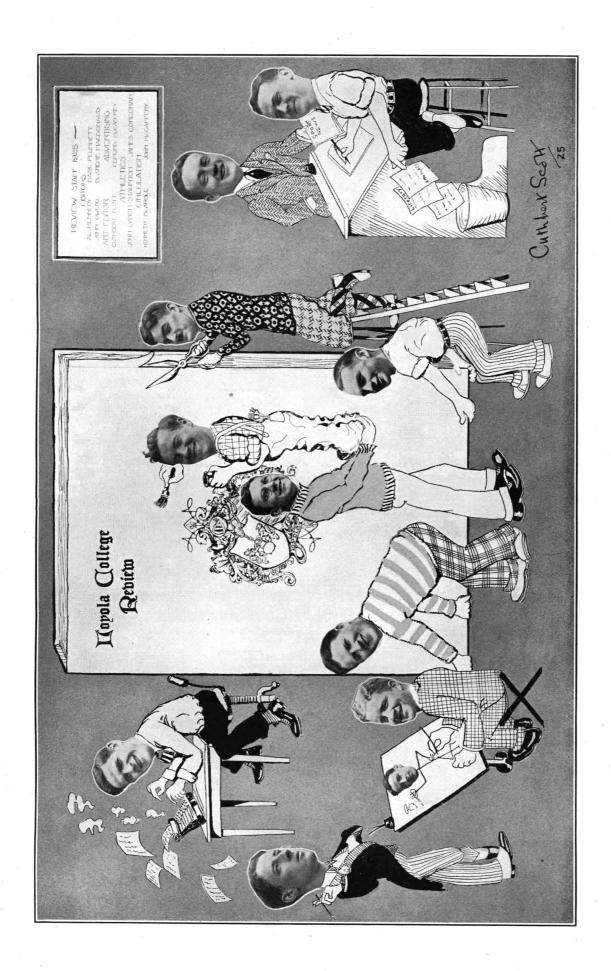
René Brosseau, ex-'27, has a position in a bank in Los Angeles, Cal. Herbert Allen, ex-'25, who gained renown in hockey at College and after leaving, is doing very well in the Insurance business. He was laid up four months with arthritis, but is getting back to normal now. Dermot Murray, ex-'25, is with the Dairy Products Export Co. Joseph A. Descarries, '04, formerly of the technical department of the Canada Cement Co., has been named director of the new factory of the National Cement Co. James Kenny, ex-28, has left to join the Redemptorists at St. Joseph's, Mo. Paul Massé, ex-'23, prominent on the track team, is succeeding very well in the importation business. Gordon Lynch, ex-'28, is now completing his studies at Boston College. A welcome communication has just reached us from Gus Murray, ex-'25. He is studying Law at Tulane University, New Orleans, and will graduate next year.

The Editors of the Review wish to express to Arthur Perodeau, '10, heartfelt sympathy for the loss of his wife, who died in April while returning from a trip to Europe. We extend our sincere sympathy, also to Adrian, Louis, and Frank Clément, alumni and former members of our hockey teams, for the loss of their father. Robert Kent, '07, is at present doing valuable work as an engineer in the gold fields of Northern Quebec. Jack Malloy, '23, is completing his second year Medicine at McGill. We have the pleasure of record-

ing the marriage of Jean Perodeau to Miss Olympe Bruneau. Gerald O'Cain, ex-'26, is employed at Case's. Jimmy McGarry, '20, is studying Philosophy at St. Michael's, Hillyard, Wash. Henry Smeaton and Arthur Wilson, at the house of Philosophy at Jersey, spent a week or two in Paris during Lent. Raymond Boyer will soon graduate from the Royal Military College. Pat Ryan, ex-'25, is another that has chosen Insurance as his line of endeavour. Jimmy Altimas, '23, took a prominent part in the successful play under the auspices of the St. Michael's Players, March 17th. Alfred Nightingale, '24, is in the banking business in the city. Harry Donohue, ex-'26, is doing a flourishing business in the Fruit Trade. Horace Perodeau, '18, is now the father of two healthy boys, and is living in the city.

Marc Girard, '23, is now with the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal. Cecil Carpenter, '17, holds an important position with the improved Window Cleaning Co. Louis Clément is married and has a son. Despite the attractions of his own little family circle, he takes an active interest in the College; he was a frequent visitor at the Stadium last winter. John M. Coughlin, '16, is to be married in September to Miss Pauline Dempsey. All good wishes to the happy couple. Errol Coughlin is in his father's business, the Street Car Advertising Co., Montreal. Russell Malloy is in the employ of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Co., Espanola, Ont. Jack Logue, '12, visited Montreal for a short time this spring.

John Kearney, '16, is a junior member of Laflamme, Mitchell, Callaghan and Kearney, barristers. H. Boucher, M.D., is at the Children's Memorial Hospital, New York. Ted Walsh, '18 is a rising young stockbroker in Sherbrooke. John Wolfe, '19, is a shining light in the legal profession, and Jack Welsh is a railway official. W. McGarry,



is working with his father in Renfrew,

Reggie Nadeau, ex-'22, is travelling in the Maritime Provinces for Swift & Co. James Downing is working in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Richmond, Que. Gerald Decary is now with the Title Guarantee and Trust Co., of Canada. Leo Beaudin is with the Can. Steamship Lines. Charlie Downes and Geoff Plunkett are with the C.P.R., Montreal. Frank Lynch of Ottawa is now engaged at the Consumers' Glass Co. as official tester. Rupert Holland is with the Standard Chemical Co. Jack and Lonny are with the Thos. Robertson Co., while Daniel holds a position with Baker & Co. Because of their constant interest in all College activities, Loyola considers them among her most loyal supporters.

Michael T. Burke, '08, has opened an office of his own at 120 St. James St., Montreal. He was one of the first to answer our appeal to the Old Boys for subscriptions. "Chubby" Power, '07, is still an M.P., and is progressing favourably with his law practice in Quebec. Ramon Matanzo, H.S., '23,

and Harry Kirby are studying Medicine at Fordham University, New York. Francis Rule is in business in Mexico City, while Paul Gorospe is supervising his father's estate.

We take great pleasure in recording the signal success of one of our Old Boys at McGill. At the Convocation Exercises on Friday, May 29th, the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering was conferred on Arthur Chabot, B.A., '20. Passing with honours in all subjects, he obtained the British Association Medal, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company's First Prize, the Undergraduates' Society's Second Prize for Summer Essay, and the Electrical Club's Prize. He leaves on June 7th for Schenectady, N.Y., where he will enter the General Electric Company's works as student engineer.

On the same occasion the degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on Paul Wickham, B.A., '21; the degree of Bachelor of Commerce on John Quinlan, ex '25. Congratulations and best wishes.

Loyola's Other Old Boys

NOTHER year of progress, of zealous support, of continued growth and sustained activity, may be recorded on behalf of the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association—Loyola's Other Old Boys!

No less could be expected as the Association is so effectively aided and is directed with such wisdom and devotion by its Moderator, the Reverend Father Dunne, S.J. Nor is he the only son of St. Ignatius to whom the Association owes a debt of deep gratitude. His fellow officers of the local branch of the Ignatian Army have spared nothing to transmit to the retreatants a full measure of their own love and devotion

to the cause of the Holy Church. They have, as is their wont, appealed to both mind and heart. That they have succeeded may be judged, perhaps, from the expression of real and true fraternity so apparent in all the gatherings of the Association.

Founded principally to place within easy reach of the individual the means of at least an annual "stocktaking" in matters spiritual, and to encourage men in the world to receive the Holy Eucharist with frequent regularity, the Association has undoubtedly become a "fraternal" body in the fullest—the most Catholic—sense of the term. Its primary and individual purpose remains paramount, but the sympathy that springs from the "chain of a common

purpose, and unity in a noble cause" finds delightful expression in a real fraternal way. A high respect for, and a constant mindfulness of the main purpose of the Association, a deep sense of gratitude to the Society of Jesus as the agency through which the Association is made possible to us, and a sympathetic bond of union between the membership could produce no other effect. The retreats and the meetings of the Association are, it almost seems, held within portals whose gates are effectively sealed against the admission of those differences and sense of wrongs -often petty in themselves and frequently only imaginary—which too often separate and estrange-and even render hostile to each other-men who have in common the "greatest" thing in

This fraternal spirit of the Association was exemplified in a splendid way at the first of what it is hoped will be a long series of annual "get-together" dinners, held at the Columbus Hall during the Winter. Our genial and perfectly "social-sensed" President, Brother Luke Moore, thus crowned his year's office, which, be it said, presents many other outstanding points of distinction and success. Good for you, Luke, and may your smiling, though impressive presence be with us for long and your name be even longer remembered as these annual dinners roll around!

A series of spiritually fruitful retreats was followed by a splendid course of post-communion meeting talks. The Columbian interests of the Association — naturally pronounced through the almost "100% K. of C." constituency of the membership—were distinctly recognized by a masterful talk, followed by enrolment in the Association of Supreme Director Geo. H. Boivin, K.C., Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and by an address brimful of interest by that typical and enthusiastic Knight—a Grand Commander, too, of the Gre-

gorian Order, James A. Flaherty, the Supreme Knight of the Order. District Deputy L. I. McMahon and Past Master Peter F. McCaffery have also favoured the Association with their presence and support.

Father Gasson, S.J., has made his impress upon the Association during the year. His helpful advice, frank expressions, and infectious zeal, accompanied by sparkling references to the South Shore, have never failed to strike home (and have conjured up in the minds of many of the most happy souvenirs of the ancestral and hospitable castle of Retreat Leader John J. Connelly!).

The Association, too, anticipated the talk of railroad co-operation—now occupying the serious consideration of the country—by a full year, for did not the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific co-operate, with wonderful results, by the jointure of our Past President John Burns and "the John J. Connelly aforesaid," in putting over the Railroadmen's Retreat?

The mention of names in such an account as this carries with it an unavoidable disadvantage—the impracticability of including mention of all whose particular merit entitles them to be "cited in the Orders of the Day": -We shall close our effort, therefore, in the knowledge of its incompleteness, but with a sustaining hope that the exceptional deserts of him whose name we are about to mention will still any murmurings against the omission of others—(and while we have omitted many, it was quite impossible to forget them). Our last word, therefore, is that we are incapable of expressing as the Association itself is as incapable of completely realizing the full extent of the service rendered us-as an Association and as individuals—by our friend-that example of devotion, earnestness and go-get-iveness-the Reverend Mr. Fallon, S.J.

RETREATANT.



HE Sodality for the Resident Students is about to close a year of splendid activity. The attendance at all the meetings has been most gratifying and the interest shown in all forms of Sodality work has been very encouraging to those in charge. Plans are under consideration whereby next scholastic year the members of the Sodality will take a definite part in the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild, which is accomplishing so much good in England for the spread of Christian ideals and of Christian principles.

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On September the 19th, 1924, the officers were elected as follows:

Emmett McManamy
Consultors—Aloysius Kennedy, Connolly Malloy, Frederick Manley,
Louis Phelan, William Connor.

Sacristans......Dent McCrea
Hugh McDougall
Choir Master....Albert Fregeau
Organist....George Daly

Weekly meetings were held on Sundays at 5.45 p.m. throughout the year,

and Vespers of Our Lady's Office were devoutly recited. After the office there was a short address to the Sodalists by the Moderator. The principal addresses were on the subject of the various vocations in life, what they entail and how to prepare for them in a practical manner. The topics selected enabled the Moderator to give the Students important advice on the leading careers of the present day. These inspiring conferences have been productive of much good among the members, for they brought the listeners to consider the future from many angles too frequently neglected.

On the eighth of December, 1924, the patronal feast of the Sodality was celebrated with unusual solemnity. In this festivity the Day-Scholars' Sodality joined forces. There was a High Mass, sung by Father Downes, at 7.30 a.m. In the afternoon there was a solemn procession from the Junior Building to the Chapel at 5.30, followed by the reception of new members, conducted by the Very Rev. W. Hingston, S.J., and an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. Ronald MacDonald, S.J., of New Orleans. An enjoyable banquet and a pleasing entertainment closed a memorable day.

Among the good deeds performed during the year, we must mention the large bundles of clothing collected and distributed to the poor of Montreal, and the successful Catechism classes conducted for the boys of the parish. The Sodality hopes to engage in these activities next year on a still larger scale.

W. B. LEACY, '26

NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY

The year just completed has been one of the most successful since its inception in the history of the Day-Scholars' Sodality. This is doubtless due to the change in the hour of meeting, from 8.30 a.m. to 12 noon on Wednesdays. By this arrangement there is ample provision for immediate notice and it avoids the former unpleasant rush before school hours.

Nineteen new members were received into the Sodality on December the eighth, while the average attendance at the meetings was twenty-nine against thirteen last year.

It was with sincere regret that the members learned, upon their return to College in September, that the Very Rev. Father Hingston, S.J. who had guided and promoted every interest of the Sodality, felt compelled, on account of his engrossing duties as Rector of Loyola, to relinquish this care to another. He chose for this post the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., who came to Montreal, last August, after many years of wide experience in the United States, having been President of Boston College for over seven years, and Dean of the Graduate School of Georgetown University for nine years.

The new Moderator is an ardent advocate of the doctrine that a College student should regard his time, not as a passing event in his life, but as a preparation for his life's work. Accordingly he explained in great detail the virtues and the qualities which a man must acquire in order to acquit himself well in life. He frequently deplored the

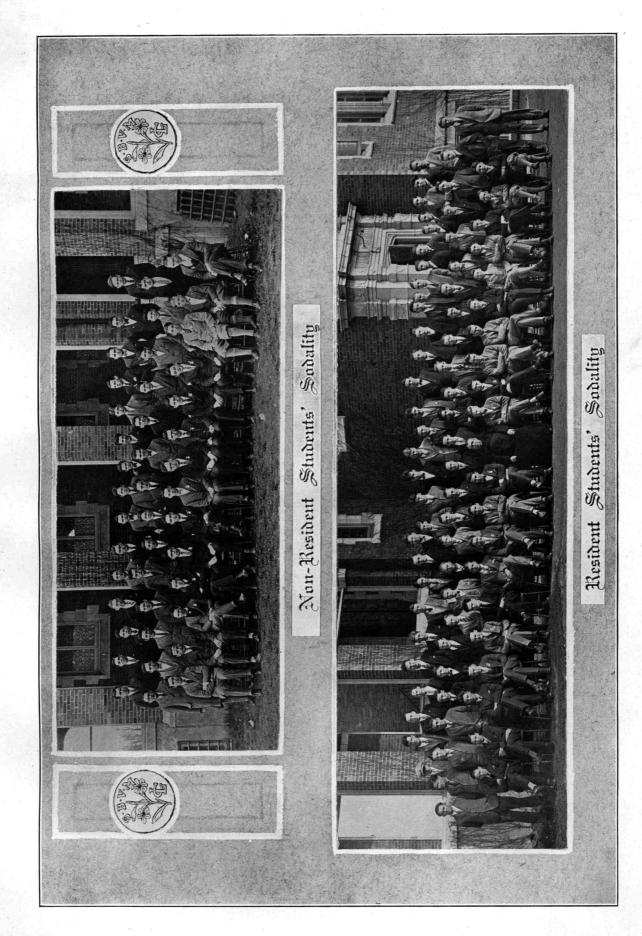
fact that many Collegians allow the weeks to glide by in a sort of dreamy trance, learning nothing thoroughly and blunting, rather than sharpening, the gifts of mind and of will received from an all-bountiful Creator. By apt and striking examples he showed what can be accomplished, when the years of College life are turned to a definite purpose. What others have accomplished, was his invariable lesson, you, with the grace and assistance of Heaven can accomplish. He showed very clearly that the studies of the present can be turned to good service in the future and that, consequently, the wisest plan is to master them now thoroughly. He was particularly insistent also on the duty of the educated man to the underprivileged boy, and of the bounden duty of all to take a keen and active interest in all movements that make for the betterment of the earnest, but too often neglected, boy, whose surroundings give him a terrible handicap in the battle of life. Father Gasson is anxious to have the students prepare themselves for the lecture field and thus to develop a field of activity along intellectual and spiritual lines which will greatly add to the influence of the Catholics in the Dominion.

At a meeting held on September 30th, 1924, the following officers were elected for the Scholastic year 1924-1925:

Prefect E. McCaffrey, '25
1st Assistant J. Altimas, '25
2nd AssistantJ. Carroll, '26
SecretaryFrank Macdonald, '27
TreasurerB. Cuddihy, '25
Master of CandidatesA. Laverty, '25
Consultors-W. Wall, '27; J. Master-
son, H.S., '25; D. Sinclair, H.S.,
'26.
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Sacristan H. Gloutney, H.S., '25 Organist R. Dolan, H.S., '25

D. FRANK MACDONALD, '27



St. John Berchmans Altar Society

On Sunday evening, September 21st, 1924, at 8.15 p.m., a meeting was held for the reorganization of St. John Berchman's Altar Society for the academic year 1924-25. At this meeting the following officers were elected:—President.......G. Daly, '26 Vice-Pres., H. McDougall, H.S., '25 Secretary......F. Elliott, H.S., '25 Sacristan.....L. Vachon, H.S., '27

At a meeting of the officers on September 28th, the following assistants were appointed:—A. Anglin, W. Stan-

ford, W. Connor.

The High School members of the Society met on September 30th, 1924, to discuss plans for the Second Annual Picnic, Monthly fees were instituted to help defray each member's expenses

for the Picnic.

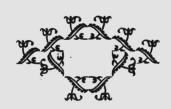
On October 5th, the following candidates were accepted into the Society, with solemn reception to take place at a later date:—J. Byrne, G. DeLesseps, L. Dunn, J. Garland, M. Gatien, G. George, Ed. George, R. Kearns, G. Keely, A. Lynch, E. McHenry, R. McKenna, C. Ward, D. A. Coulson, N. Mayrand, H. Quinlan, D. Robertson. F. Starr, A. Stopes.

Among the Non-Resident students:—W. Wall, G. Larkin, H. Burns, J. Burns, J. Burns, J. Burke, J. Wilson, R. Cherry, M. Daugherty, J. Frederickson, H. McCoy, E. Lennon, P. Laliberté.

On November 26th, the feast of St. John Berchmans, the solemn reception

was held in the College Chapel. Rev. Fr. Gasson, S.J., presided, owing to the unavoidable absence of Rev. Fr. Rector. The ceremonies were opened by a procession, in which both candidates and members took part. Then the candidates were received, after which Fr. Gasson, delivered a very interesting and inspiring sermon. He took for his subject "The Boy Tarcisius," showing how an altar-boy may prove useful in other ways than serving Mass. At the conclusion of his sermon, Fr. Gasson presented the Altar-Boy Manuals, the gift of Rev. Fr. Rector, to both the old and the new members. On Sunday, Feb. 8, 1925, a meeting of the officers and several Arts Course members took place, at the request of the Rev. Moderator. It was decided that on every first Thursday of the month, from eight to nine o'clock, a talk would be given to the members. Fr. Gasson, S.J., was asked to give the talks. It was suggested that he speak of men illustrious for their great deeds and noble lives. The Rev. Father agreed to do this. At the time of writing plans are well under way for the second annual picnic. It is entirely due to the untiring efforts of our Rev. Moderator, Mr. C. J. Kelly, S.J., that the privilege of holding an annual picnic was granted us by Rev. Fr. Rector. The Society is increasing in numbers every year, and we hope that it will keep up in the future the good work done in the past.





The Library

7HE influence that a library exerts over a student is, indeed, very strong, and should, under no circumstances, be considered an unimportant adjunct to a College education. Carlyle tells us that "the true education of these days is a collection of books." To him who makes use of it, a library is a treasure of incalculable value. A College training is an excellent thing, but after all, the better part of man's education is that which he gives himself, that derived from his books. The reading of books is an education in itself, but that education depends wholly upon the selection of our books. Realizing this fact, the Library Moderator has this year taken great pains in the selection of new books, and in putting the old titles through the wide-meshed sieve of elimination. After all, "the point is not that men should have a great many books to read, but that they should have the right ones."

To choose the right books is, for the untrained reader, a difficult and hazardous task. The young student cannot easily distinguish between worthwhile books and near literature. But if he begins with what is better, he will gradually come to desire nothing but the best. Just as we nourish our bodies with well chosen foods, so too must we care for our mind or it will weaken from lack of nourishment. Let us not forget that "no success, however great, in bar or senate, no accumulation, however vast, of mere gold, can pay back to our world-weary and lonely toiler the intellectual losses sustained by voluntary banishment from the society of the great aristocracy of intellect of every age."

Due entirely to the indefatigable zeal of our Moderator, the Library has attained a place hitherto unoccupied in the minds of the students. Since Mr. Noll, S.J., took charge, in the autumn

of nineteen hundred and twenty-three, the whole Library has been renovated and reorganized. An entirely new charging system has been adopted, involving a task, the significance of which only those who have done such work will realize. The accession book for this period records the reception of over six hundred new volumes. New tables and new lockable magazine covers were procured, along with a most select assortment of magazines, covering every field of human endeavour,intellectual, fictional, political, historical, and scientific.

The Library has helped debaters not a little by providing material for their speeches. For this purpose, copies of the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature" are kept on file and probably the most thorough collection of debating books that is to be found in any Library in this city. Since the foundation of the Historical Society, reference books on historical topics have been

specially secured.

The Library Management wishes to thank the following who have donated either books or magzaine subscriptions during the past two years: Rev. Father Rector, Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., Rev. F. J. Finn, S.J., Rev. T. I. Gasson, S.J., Rev. M. J. Scott, S.J., Mr. Francis C Smith S.J. (Late) Mrs. Chas. F. Smith. Miss Mary Hanley, Miss Alice Sharp, Mr. E. X. Montague, Mr. J. Tansey, the Class of IV High A, and especially the following students, for magazine subscriptions:—Eustaquio Escandon Albert Frégeau, Archie McDonald, J. Derrick McDonald. For books donated: W. G. Power, Jr., P. Lemieux, A. Anglin, L. Stone, J. Kent, K. McArdle, M. Escandon, Q. McCarrey, E. Cannon, C. Corcoran, George Daly, John Murphy, C. Ward, F. Bradshaw, J. O'Connor.

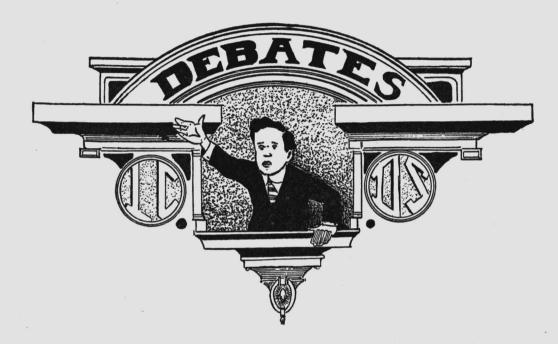
Louis J. Phelan, '28. Librarian.



G. LONERGAN. - L. PHELAN. - J. MASTERSON.



OFFICERS - ST. JOHN BERCHMANS SOCIETY.
W.CONNOR, F.ELLIOT, A.ANGLIN, C.DALY, L.VACHON, H. M. DOUGALL; ABSENT, W. STANFORD.



OUTSIDE of the class room and, possibly, the Historical Society, there is little or no field for personal expression other than in the Literary and Debating Society. Consequently it is with great satisfaction that we record a most successful year in this department of activity. Shortly after the opening of the College, the first meeting of the Society was held at which the elections of officers for the coming year took place. The new executive was as follows:

President ... D. A. MacDonald Vice-Pres ... J. Al. Kennedy Secretary ... Edmund McCaffrey Councillors—Cuthbert Scott, Moore Bannon, Emmett McManamy.

It was unanimously decided to follow the practise of the preceeding year in conducting the meetings in the form of a Mock Parliament. The number and excellence of the speeches delivered amply justified this decision. Among the outstanding activities of the year were the Inter-University Debates, the sessions of the K. of C. Mock Parliament when Loyola was kindly invited to attend, the debates before the Laymen's Retreat Association, and finally, but probably the most important of all by reason of the interest that they created, the inter-class debates held between representatives of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years respectively.

Taking into account the large number of members who took part in the discussions, and the keen enthusiasm evinced at all times, this may well be considered a record year for debating at Loyola.

BISHOP'S AT LOYOLA

On Monday, February 23, in the K. of C. Council Chamber, were held the preliminary debates between the various members of the I.U.D.L., Queen's, Toronto, McGill, Ottawa, Bishop's and Loyola. This year our affirmative team was composed of Messrs. E. McCaffrey and P. Suinaga who debated against Messrs. Teakle and Glover of Bishop's. The affirmative won by two votes out of three.

The question read: "Resolved, that Canada should adopt an immigration

policy similar in principle to that at present in force in the United States, except as regards the inhabitants of the British Isles." The Hon. C. J. Doherty, K.C., acted as Chairman, while the judges were Messrs. Murray Williams, C. J. Hanratty, and J. M. McDonnell.

Mr. McCaffrey spoke first, defining the word "principle", and stressing the fact that just that immigrant most needed by Canada would be secured under the plan he advocated. He spent much time in developing this point and in appealing to the patriotic instincts of his audience.

Messrs. Teakle and Glover tried to show that the affirmative position was absolutely untenable; they denied, too, that the word "principle" had been correctly defined. They alleged that any form of selection must necessarily and de facto be restrictive in its ultimate analysis.

Both the speech and the rebuttal of Mr. Suinaga were brilliant displays of eloquence and logic. It was unquestionably this admirable showing that saved the day for Loyola. He upheld the impugned interpretation of "principle" with copious quotations from the framers of the quota law now operating in the United States. By citation of facts and figures, he showed how this law had worked out and argued its probable effect if enforced in our own country.

LOYOLA AT OTTAWA

By the victory gained in the Capital City, Loyola won the Eastern Division of the Inter-University debates. Although our debaters, Messrs. Kennedy and Scott, gained two votes out of three, the victory was by no means an easy one. The Ottawa speakers, Messrs. Poupore and Cluff, handled the subject with dexterity and conviction. The direct, logical speeches of our men won the day. Mr. Kennedy is essentially a logical speaker, without a trace of bombast. He is satisfied to state his

side in a natural manner. He was well supported by his colleague, Mr. Scott, whose direct, earnest delivery shows that his past experience on the forensic platform has not been in vain. Unfortunately data of the speeches are not available.

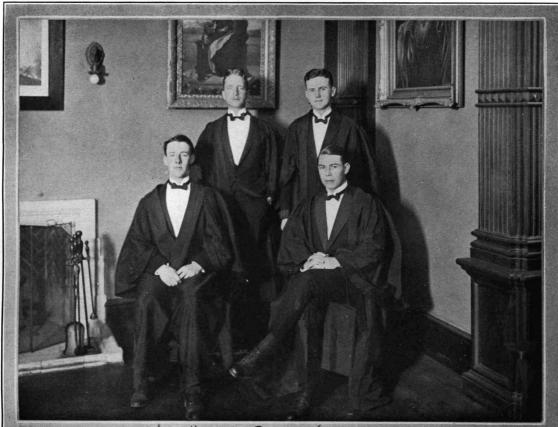
LOYOLA AT KINGSTON

Queen's were well represented on the evening of March 2, when Mr. Sisco undertook to prove that the one thing most detrimental to Canada would be an immigration policy similar in principle to that in force in the United States except as it affects inhabitants of the British Isles. "How on earth can two students of a Catholic institution uphold a policy that is directly aimed at their faith?" thundered Mr. Sisco. And the judges agreed that he and his colleague had won their case. Our two representatives contended, as they did the week previous against Bishop's. that such an immigration policy should be enforced at once, basing their contention on the fact that since the principle of the United States' quota law was to encourage the greatest possible number of immigrants from North and North Western Europe, and, at the same time, to exclude as far as possible, South and South-Eastern Europeans, and, since Canada's population was largely composed of Celtic, Gallic and Teutonic stock, it would be in her best interests to further a policy such as that in force in the republic to the South of us.

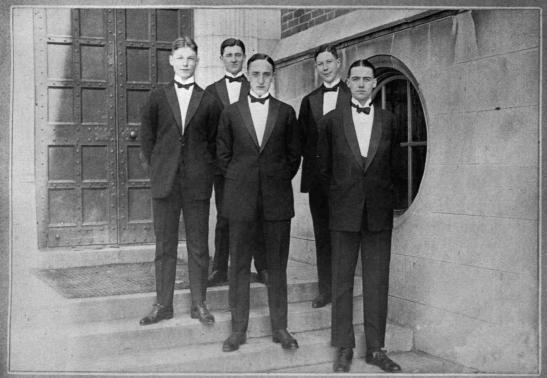
It was evident from the start, however, that Loyola was outclassed by their more experienced opponents, and it was ungrudgingly that they ceded the palm of victory to Queen's.

QUEEN'S AT LOYOLA

Mr. MacFarlane and Mr. Smith the two men chosen by their university to represent Queen's, were no strangers to us; they engaged us in wordy combat on a previous occasion a little over a



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM - 1925 -STANDING - CUTABERT SCOTT, ALOYSIUS KENNEDY. SITTING - EDMUND M°CAFFREY, PEDRO SUINAGA. -



Q. SHAUGH NESSY, J. MURPHY, G. LARKIN, J. O'CONNOR, G. KEELY, [CHAIRMAN]. -

year ago. Mr. Trihey, K.C., took the chair, while the Reverend Gerald Mc-Shane, Rev. Canon Almond, and Mr. Justice Surveyer acted as judges. The debate was well attended. The subject was the resolution of the previous week. We wish to congratulate Messrs. Mac-Farlane and Smith for the excellent showing they made, for, though being defeated by a unanimous vote of the judges, they nevertheless displayed a thorough knowledge of the subject, and a delivery that combined grace and forcefulness to a degree seldom seen in an Inter-University debate.

At the conclusion it was found that in the round Loyola tied Queen's for votes, but that the latter University had won by a margin of points.

If one may judge from the steady progress in our public debates, and from the unusual degree of enthusiasm displayed in intra-mural contests, during the past year, this partial decision in the finals can be considered a token of a complete victory in the near future.

MOCK-PARLIAMENT AT THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Upon the invitation of Mr. Jos. Wall, Chairman of the Mock-Parlia-

ment Committee of the Knights of Columbus, Loyola was represented by thirty-five members who formed the Opposition Party, while the Knights under the leadership of Premier Wall, occupied the Government benches. Dr. Conroy, ex-M.P., acted as Speaker of the House, with Mr. L. Moore fulfilling the arduous duties of Clerk of the Commons.

The Immigration Bill introduced by the Honorable John Long, Jr., was supported by Messrs. Wall, Collins, McDonagh, Callahan and O'Riely, The Loyola members who spoke were Messrs. Escandon, Kennedy, MacDonald, McCaffrey, McManamy and Scott. Hundreds of visitors were in attendance and gave vent to their feelings by frequent and enthusiastic bursts of applause.

It was a most enjoyable afternoon, and also most instructive, as many hitherto unnoticed phases of the immigration problem were brought to light and thoroughly discussed. To our kind friends, the members of Council 284, we wish to extend our sincere thanks for this and many other invitations during the past year.

D. A. MacDonald, '25.

THE REMEMBRANCE

Shall we shed a tear in token Of our Battle-wearied dead? Can we soothe the hearts thus broken Or retract the tears thus shed?

Let a Cenotaph of glory Be erected in their stead. 'Twill at least recall the story Of our unforgotten dead.

Louis J. Phelan, '28.

100

SOPHOMORE

I

Whenever I get weary of this world so dark and dreary,
I begin to sadly meditate on years that passed before;
Of hours so enchanting that they'll bear a due recanting
Of the happy days I spent among the class of Sophomore.
Only this? What could be more?

II

Quite distinctly I remember that 'twas in a drear September,
When we found ourselves in college and of numbers just a score;
Loaded down with volumes many; looking far more wise than any;
None were ever more ambitious, than the class of Sophomore.

Speak with flowers, we implore.

III

There we laughed and cried with Horace while his satires were before us, And Tacitus said many things we never heard before; Fought with Cicero each morning, every odd construction scorning, Till these authors must have envied our old class of Sophomore.

Green with envy, nothing more.

IV

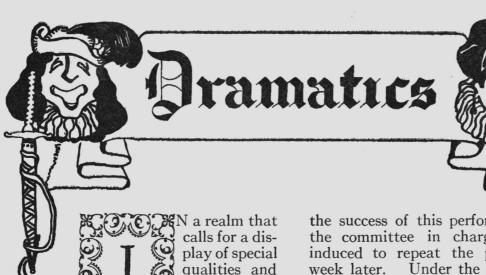
On beauties of oration we spent days in meditation,
And eulogized on poetry and soon-forgotten lore;
But as for mathematics, why our course in hydrostatics
Enlarged our views on density and pendulums galore.
All of this—and something more.

V

Now we've crossed our sea of troubles and are seeking South Sea bubbles, Or, perhaps, are teaching children how to walk across the floor; But our true opinion giving, just what makes our life worth living Is the fact that once we studied in the class of Sophomore.

Studied? Yes, but nevermore!

KENNETH J. McArdle, '27.



definite abil-

field of dramatics, Loyola has never been in any way deficient. Rather has she been accorded the leading position which she deserves. It can truly be said that the productions of this year have been up to the standard set in previous years by many noted dramatic

performances.

While, perhaps, fewer in number than formerly the entertainments have been of a high order and a credit to the college. Especially is this true of presentations offered outside the college, where no difficulties existed in regard to stage and scenery. Let us hope that before the *Review* of 1926 goes to press, better facilities will have been found for the continued success of Dramatics in Loyola.

A detailed account of the year's entertainments follows:—

THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT

The first dramatic offering of the students during the year was, "The Scheming Lieutenant," a delightful little comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The annual concert given by the students in the aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club provided an excellent opportunity for the premier showing of the playlet. Spurred on by

the success of this performance the committee in charge was induced to repeat the play a week later. Under the careful direction of Rev. Fr. J. A. Senecal, the second showing before a good audience at Columbus

Hall, was no less successful.

The plot, worthy indeed of its witty author, centres about one Lieutenant O'Connor, played by Al. Kennedy, who is in love with the daughter of a stern old Dublin magistrate. The attempts of the Lieutenant to gain the Justice's consent to the marriage provide the action. He is introduced into the household of his prospective bride's father by Dr. Rosy, played by Eustaquio Escandon, a friend to both O'Connor and the Justice. A lieutenant of the Dublin Guards, however, makes a poor waiting man, and the Justice (Lawrence Bartley), quickly finds that his supposed servant is none other than the despised suitor of his daughter Robertson Lauretta. Donald Lauretta, and William Leacy Bridget, wife of the Justice, lent a touch of feminine charm and daintiness (?) not to be found in many college productions, The cast was completed by Edward Forbes, serving man to the Justice and George Mulligan, Paul Noble, Louis Phelan, Emmet McManamy and Edwin Murphy, soldiers under Lieutenant O'Connor.

The final scene portrays the happy ending, and in "The Scheming Lieu-

tenant," the end is more than usually happy. The Justice, thinking himself poisoned, is relieved to find that it was all a hoax; Dr. Rosy and the Lieutenant are happy in finding that their little ruse of pretending to poison the Justice and then gaining his consent to the marriage by promising to cure him has succeeded so well; Lauretta is happy because her dear soldier boy may now carry her off with impunity; Bridget is happy because her husband will have time after all to make his will before dying; and last but not least, the soldiers are happy because the play is over.

LAWRENCE BARTLEY, '27.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

The most successful dramatic offering of the year, however, was "The Private Secretary," staged for the benefit of the Hockey Club. Ranking as it does among the very best light comedies ever written, this time-tested production is so well known that no description of its plot is necessary. It has been for many years a favorite in amateur theatrical circles, and has a reputation everywhere as a certain success.

The first presentation took place on Dec. 13th, before a small audience of school children, in the hall of St. Anthony's Parish Church. A few nights later it was again staged at the same place and although the crowd was not as large as it might have been, those who attended were loud in their praises. The histrionic ability exhibited was quite remarkable, and great credit is due to Mr. Eugene Chabot, S. J., for his active interest and work

in this connection.

The third showing took place at the college on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, where it was accorded the best reception of any play here in recent years. On this occasion the Orchestra excelled its previous performances and filled in perfectly. A fine recitation "The Last of the Druids," by Marcel Gatien, fully deserved the applause which it engendered. Several amusing incidents occured during the play which at one time nearly caused a panic on the

In speaking of the players, it is almost unfair to pick out any one person Every player for special mention. without exception, acquitted himself creditably. Some parts were, of course, harder than others. Mr. Al. Kennedy took the difficult part of the secretary with a meekness of manner extremely laughable. Mr. Frank McNally, in the role of the irascible Cattermole, kept the audience in spasms. Eustaquio Escandon, as Professor Stockmar, contributed largely to the humour of the evening. Lack of space prohibits the

The remainder of the cast were Lawrence Bartley, Frederick Elliott, W. B. Leacy, J. Lynch Staunton, George Mulligan, Paul Noble, B. G. Plunkett, W. O'Connor, Cuthbert

mention of others equally good.

Scott, Lionel Stanford.

CONCERTS

THE PHILOSOPHER'S CONCERT

It has become a tradition that the Philosophers commemorate their patroness by giving a concert on St. Catherine's Eve. Less pretentious than usual, this year's effort was nevertheless well received. The College Orchestra under the leadership of Albert Fregeau, '26, began the programme with an appropriate overture. An excellent essay on St. Catherine was then read by the author, D. A. McDonald, '26, whose literary ability is well known. Following a stirring number by the Orchestra, Dent McCrea, '26, delivered a poem to St. Catherine, written by himself. The beauty of thought, the excellence of diction and powerful imagery shown in this tribute to the dauntless saint made a deep impression on the audience, calling forth loud and prolonged applause.

A well-written article on "Barberisms," by Cuthbert Scott,' 25, followed, after which a rousing chorus by the whole class closed a programme which had been appreciated by all.

THE SODALITY CONCERT

Coming at the end of a day the activities of which had been many and varied, the Sodality concert on the eighth of December was more informal this year than previously, and possibly more enjoyed for that reason. It was undoubtedly a success in every way. The Glee Club, which numbers among its members the best vocalists of the

student body, surpassed itself. Their rendering of many different selections was excellent, reflecting great credit on themselves and their instructors.

The Essays read by the Sodality Prefects, Messrs. McCaffrey and Suinaga, were appropriate and appreciated by all, while the violin solos of that rising young musician, Napoleon Mayrand, '26, charmed and delighted the attentive audience. One selection in particular, "The Caravan," was realistic in the extreme, the fine technique of the performer bringing to every mind the picture of the Sahara with all its romance. The Orchestra's finale completed a pleasing entertainment.

B. G. PLUNKETT, '25

AUTUMN

I love you, Autumn, for your depths of blue;
Your golden meadows, lately shorn away
Of all their fruitful growth; your carpets gay
Of orange and crimson leaves begemmed with dew.

I love you for your trees, now barren too,
Prepared to humour Winter's wanton way.
Then wake upon a sunny day in May,
And friendship find with foliage anew.

O happy Autumn, have you but a tear
To soothe the sadder seasons of the year?
We never feel your charm 'till you have fled,
And Winter's snowy wand has touched the earth,
But mournfully the heavy hours dread
'Till spring return and we await thy birth.

KENNETH J. McArdle, '27.



T may now be said of the C.O.T.C. at Loyola, that during the year 1924-25, it reached its zenith and has become a thoroughly well drilled and efficiently officered Militia Unit, with an enviable esprit de corps. Previously, while for the most part good results were obtained, there was often an atmosphere of doubt as to the permanent showing of the corps. After the past successful year, there can no longer be any doubt of this kind.

Authorization for this statement comes from two sources. First, we find that in the annual corps examinations set by the War Office, London, eighty-five per centum of the contestants from the Loyola Contingent were successful in qualifying for their "A" certificates (Lieutenancy). This record is indeed creditable, for these examinations are very difficult. They comprise

Section and Platoon drill, Musketry, Tactics, and finally written examinations in all three, and map-reading.

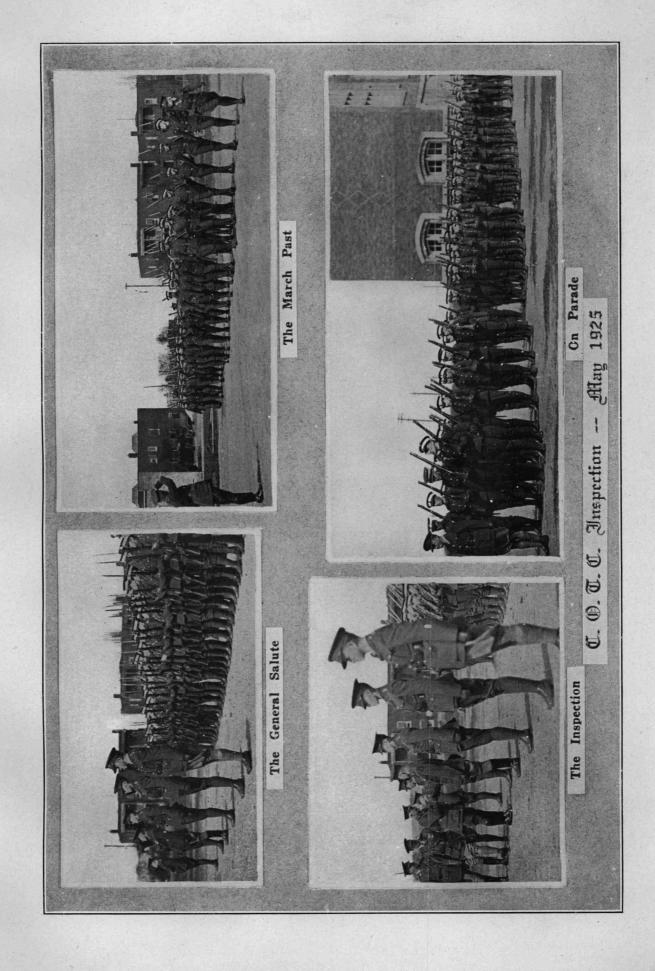
The annual inspection affords the second confirmation of the good standing of the unit. The inspection took place on May 11 before the G.O.C., M.D. No. 4. According to Brigadier-General Armstrong, it surpassed any previous inspection since the inception of the corps. Following the company drill and the platoon drill by the various platoon commanders, the General awarded the Major McCrory Competitive Shield to No. 1 Company, Lieut. Albert Fregeau, O.C., as being the best drilled and the smartest of the four platoons. This platoon is comprised of the Senior and Junior Years.

The annual mess dinner is to be held on the evening of May 22. The last appearance of the C.O.T.C. will be on May 31, when the corps, accompanied by the Band, will march in the Garrison Church Parade.

The unit will soon lose all save one of its platoon commanders. The folowing graduate this year: Lieutenants McCaffrey, Altimas, Collins and Scott.

Great credit is due the O.C. Major E. T. Reynolds, Capt. E. P. O'Brien, second in command, and to Sgt.-Major Instructor White of the Royal Canadian Regiment for the high degree of drill efficiency attained.

CUTHBERT SCOTT, '25, Lieut.







ITHIN a few days of the opening of the Arts Course, the first general meeting of the Smoker Club was held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

Results were as follows:

President Pedro Suinaga, '26 Vice-President George Mill, '25 Secretary E. A. Anglin, '25 Treasurer E. McManamy, '27

The Committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. B. G. Plunkett, '25; A. Fregeau, '26; Paul Noble, H.S., '25.

The first important event of the year undertaken by the club was that of initiating our newly arrived brethren. For the first time the College Stadium was used for the ceremonies, in consequence of which the function was carried out on a much larger scale than in former years; "a very good time was had by all".

Early in the season, an entertainment committee was appointed, composed of the following members: Messrs. A. Fregeau, C. Scott, and P. Noble. Too much praise cannot be given to these gentlemen for the great success they had throughout the scholastic year. Nearly every Sunday evening a short concert was given by some class or group, Philosophy leading off, followed by Sophomore and Freshman. Some of these impromptu presentations were very good, others not so good. But each and every one caused a great deal of fun and revived much of the old spirit and good fellowship among the members.

As has been the case for the past few years, Bridge was once again extremely popular. The tournament was organized during the month of February under the able convenorship of Kenneth McArdle. It seems quite likely that from now on this tournament will become an annual affair, due to the great success it has met with during the past two years.

The annual banquet, held in the middle of February, eclipsed all previous affairs of this nature given by the club. Rev. Father Rector, Rev. Father Moderator, a few of our past officers, Mr. Clem Trihey, hockey coach, and Mr. Billie Kerr, trainer, occupied seats of honour at the head table. Fr. Rector very kindly granted the club members permission to attend a Senior Intercollegiate hockey match at the Forum—as a consequence of this, time was limited after the banquet and only a few speeches were made.

I think it would not be at all out of place to mention here that during the past year our club room has seen several changes for the better, the most important of which was the addition of new furniture, made possible by the excellent financial standing which we

now enjoy.

In general, the club enjoyed a very good year, due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of Rev. Fr. Mc-Donald, our Moderator, and to the hearty co-operation accorded at all times to the executive by the members. Thus passed another year within the pleasant precincts of the Kappa Pi Sigma Club.

E. A. Anglin, '25, Secretary.

Obituary

REV. JOSEPH McCARTHY, S.J.

ON Christmas Eve, 1924, the hand of death struck quickly and unexpectedly, and a priest whose life had been dedicated in every detail to the work of the Father was summoned to his reward. About midnight on Dec. 23rd Father McCarthy had answered a sick call at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where he had anointed a patient and helped him to make his peace with God. Arising next morning at the usual hour, he went to the chapel for prayers and meditation, and had just returned to his room when he collapsed. The priest next door heard him fall, rushed in, and found him unconscious but alive. So that he who had ministered to so many stricken souls in their last agony was, himself, able to receive the Last Sacraments.

Father McCarthy was actively connected with Loyola nearly twenty years, from 1897 to 1916. As a teacher, he had charge of all the classes from Preparatory to Rhetoric. His great value as a teacher, however, became more pronounced each year, that he was left but a short time in each of the lower classes, and finally stationed in Rhetoric, a post that he occupied for seven years. He was for two years Prefect of Studies and Discipline, and for one year Minister. In the class room he was stern, and his word was law. Yet his absolute fairness and sympathetic understanding were so marked that the discipline never galled the youths who listened to his teaching.

He was a kindly man, by nature retiring and reserved. Yet his greatness of heart, and air of peace and sanctity, made a deep impression on all those with whom he came in contact. Especially was he noted as a confessor, for he had the rare gift of inspiring confidence in those who found it difficult to unburden their souls to the Apostle of Christ. For many years he was in great demand as Chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital, and many were the souls he saved by his quiet perserverance and strong personality.

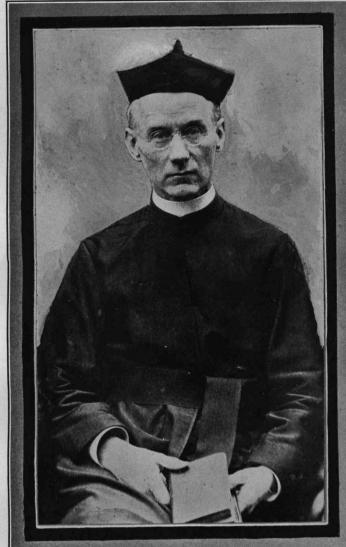
It was in keeping with his whole life that he should die in the performance of his daily duty.

Loyola has lost a firm friend, a priest who did much by his teaching, not merely of facts and figures, but the principles of truth and honour, to establish the reputation of the College. May he enjoy the eternal rest he has so nobly deserved.

BASIL PLUNKETT, '25.

ALPHONSE DUPUIS

T was our sad experience this year to Lose, by a sudden tragedy which left us shocked and grieved, one of our most promising students, in the person of The time and Alphonse Dupuis. circumstances of his death were such that, not only his classmates, but the whole student body, were deeply touched by the loss of one of their number. It was, indeed, a sad occurrence. At Thanksgiving, Alphonse, like many of the other students, had obtained permission to visit his home in St. Raphael, Ont., for the week-end. On Sunday evening, while he was motoring with four other young men, the car in which they were riding struck a patch of loose gravel on a sharp curve and overturned into a deep ditch. Our unfortunate friend Alphonse was seriously injured, and died a few minutes later. The other members of the party miraculously escaped with minor injuries and a severe shaking. A number of the Senior and Junior Philosophers attended the funeral, but such outward



REV. JOSEPH MCCARTHY, S. J. DIED. DECEMBER 24TH, 1924.



ALPHONEE DUPUS DIED, NOVEMBER 9TA, 1924





THOMAS JUSTIN DELANEY
DIED, APRIL 29, 1925



ROBERT COFFEY
DIED, MARCHIOM1925

signs of sympathy as we were able to give were all too inadequate to express our deep sorrow at the sudden and untimely death of our esteemed fellow student.

Alphonse was, indeed, a student whom Loyola could ill afford to lose. He had not been with us long, having only enrolled in September in the Pre-Science Course. But in the short space of time we were permitted to know him, his sterling character had made him well liked by the Faculty and students. Of a mild and genial temperament, his cheerfulness and readiness to assist in any class or College activity was noted and appreciated by all. He was a frequent communicant, and had received the Blessed Sacrament the morning of the fatal day on which he met his death.

Alphonse leaves in the College many warm friends to mourn him, in whose hearts he will live as a young man of high faith and courage, with every promise of a brilliant future. He is survived at home by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dupuis, two sisters, and six brothers. To them Loyola extends her deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

LEON BOUCHER, '26.

ROBERT COFFEY

SHADOW of sorrow was cast over A the early part of the second semester by the sudden death of Robert Coffey, one of the brightest and most promising students of First High "B." On the morning of March 10, we were startled by the information that he had been hurried to the Western Hospital, suffering from what was diagnosed as cerebral hemorrhage. Father Rector was hastily summoned to his bedside, and death followed around the noon hour.

The exact causes of the malady are somewhat obscure. Two weeks pre-

viously, the unfortunate lad had received an accidental blow over the nose, while watching a hockey game. Headaches followed, but as Bob, perhaps too pluckily, made little account of them, no one suspected anything serious would result. The evening before death came, however, violent pains in the head began, and towards morning unconsciousness ensued, from which the poor boy never awakened.

Bob Coffey was born in Montreal, on February 20, 1910. He received his preparatory education at Saint Leo's Academy, and is remembered there as a bright and studious boy, a favourite with all. On entering Loyola as a Scholarship student, he soon assumed the place among his classmates that his talent, application, and happy disposi-

tion merited for him.

The sudden loss, therefore, of a companion, whose character had blended in it such fine qualities, made a deep impression, particularly upon the class of First High "B". They had lost one who had become a leader in class and on the campus. They had seen the abrupt termination of a career which promised the brightest and best possibilities, and which would certainly have proved a source of pride to family and college. To the sorrowstricken parents, therefore, we offer our sincerest sympathies for the loss in which we share no inconsiderable part.

H. G. Denis, H.S., '28.

THOMAS JUSTIN DELANEY

N April 19th, 1925, at Lake Edward Sanatorium, T. Justin Delaney died suddenly of hemorrhage at the early age of thirty-two. Justin attended Loyola on Drummond Street during the years 1909 to 1912. Though he did not complete his college course, he will long be remembered by the class of '16, to which he belonged, for a kindly, cheerful temperament and an ever ready wit. His contemporaries at

college will recall his ability as a hockey player, for he was a member of Loyola's senior team for several seasons.

His death ended a long sickness of eleven years. On leaving Loyola he took up Civil Engineering, and while on a survey, during the month of May, 1914, he contracted pleurisy, following a severe cold. He underwent an operation in July and, after a short convalescence, took up clerical duties. Complete recuperation did not follow and after a series of operations, he was finally obliged, in March, 1922, to give up work when a severe hemorrhage brought him nearly to death's door. He was again operated on, in July of the same year, this time at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, whither he had been brought to be placed in the care of a specialist. A long period of convalescence followed and, though he returned to Quebec shortly after the operation, in the succeeding summer, July, 1923, he was moved to the Sanatorium at Lake Edward. Progress was slow and the wound from his last operation refused to heal, but his physicians were confident that a cure was being surely, if slowly, effected. In fact, arrangements had been concluded for his return home and May 15th had been fixed for his arrival. It was at his own request that he was to return to Quebec as he was eager to make a novena at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

Justin's death was entirely unexpected. He had been chatting gaily with his fellow patients and left them to go outside onto the porch, singing as he went. On reaching his rest chair, he noticed that he was expectorating blood. Realizing that a hemorrhage had occurred he immediately summoned priest and doctor and in five minutes the end had come. The priest, himself a patient, was beside him almost immediately to give the final absolution. Justin did not speak, but was conscious to the last.

Eleven years of sickness had well prepared him for such a death. He was ever most cheerful during years of pain and so entirely resigned to God's Holy Will that death held no terrors. God, in His Mercy, took to Himself a soul purified in suffering and "eager to be dissolved and to be with Christ."

MR. JOSEPH STANFORD

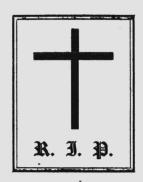
ON February 3rd, of this year, Loyola lost by a sudden and unexpected death one of its most enthusiastic supporters and most devoted friends. This was Mr. Joseph Stanford who passed away in London, whither he had gone, partly on business and partly for the benefit of an ocean voyage. Mr. Stanford had three sons, Walter, Lionel and Maurice, at the College. He was a man of unusually wide commercial experience, having been phenomenally successful as a dealer in high-grade provisions.

He had always taken a keen interest in the social life of Montreal, and in this connection was an active member of the Kiwanis, of the Loyola College Club, of the Knights of Columbus and of various other fraternal organizations. His interest in athletics was very great, and he was a familiar figure at all games in which Loyola students contested.

Mr. Stanford was not only a man of exemplary life, of lofty principles and of unassailable integrity, but he was a generous helper to all in need and in adversity. Under the exterior of the man of keen business alertness, there beat the heart of a prince of generosity and of Christian sympathy. How numerous his acts of charity really were has come to light only since his death.

There are many reasons why the students of Loyola should offer words of sincere condolence to this devoted wife and to his sorrowing children who have been so unexpectedly deprived of their stay and support in life.

EDMUND McCaffrey, '25.



Deceased Members of Staff and Student Body of Loyola College

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J. Jan. Rev. John Coffee, S.J. Sept. Rev. John Connolly, S.J. Nov. Rev. Owen Bernard Devlin, S.J. June Rev. William Doherty, S.J. March Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.J. Nov. Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J. May Rev. John Forhan, S.J. Aug. Rev. Martin Fox, S.J. July Rev. Alexander Gagnieur, S.J. Feb.	26, 1916 16, 1911 4, 1915 3, 1907 25, 1921 5, 1918 11, 1916 27, 1915 10, 1921	Rev. George Kenney, S.J. Sept. Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J. Feb. Rev. Moses Malone, S.J. Jan. Rev. Joseph McCarthy, S.J. Dec. Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J. June Rev. John B. Plante, S.J. May Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J. May Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J. Mar. Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.J. Sept. Mr. Francis Coll, S.J. Jan.	19, 1901 14, 1922 24, 1924 6, 1907 19, 1923 21, 1904 29, 1898 8, 1912 12, 1900
Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.J	25, 1921	Rev. John B. Plante, S.J	19, 1923
Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J	5, 1918	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J	21, 1904
		Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.JMar.	29, 1898
Rev. Martin Fox, S.JJuly	27, 1915	Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.JSept.	8, 1912
		Mr. Francis Coll, S.JJan.	12, 1900
	20, 1916	Bro. Geo. Brown, S.J	
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J	4, 1913	Bro. Frederick Stormont, S.J	
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.JJune	6, 1905		1, 1922
Rev. Benjamin Hazelton, S.JSept.	1, 1908	Mr. James Looney, B.AOct.	
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.JOct.	4, 1913 19, 1918	Dr. J. G. McCarthy Mar.	
Territoria and Journal and Territoria	5, 1920	Mr. Cuthbert UdallJuly	
Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.JJune	3, 1920	mir. Cutilbert Odan	0, 1911

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Anglin, Francis
Armstrong, Lawrence
Barbeau, Lawrence
Barbeau, Lawrence
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Baxter, Quigg
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Palardy, Guy
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Pearson, William A.
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"Blessed are the Dead who Die in the Lord"

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The Loyola Historical Society

MONG the important events of the past year was the formation of the Loyola Historical Society. As can be concluded from its name. the society is purely of an intellectual nature. Its birth is due to the burst of enthusiasm for, and interest in historical subjects which pervaded the college as the result of an interesting and enlightening course of lectures given by Mr. Bertram Smyth-Piggot, Ph.D., on the early history of the Church. The lectures were in no way compulsory, but the lecturer's audiences swelled rapidly from a mere handful of enthusiastic listeners at the first address to a large assembly at the conclusion of the course.

So interesting did Mr. Smyth-Piggot's lectures prove that historical conversations and arguments were often indulged in, and a number of the students took it upon themselves to form a historical society. Rev. Father Rector showed his interest by consenting to act as Moderator of the new organization and by presenting a very hand-some minute-book. Mr. Smyth-Piggot acted in the capacity of Vice-Moderator

At the first general meeting the following officers were elected:—
President.....Kenneth McArdle, '27
Vice-President...Francis McNally, '26
Secretary.....Cuthbert Scott, '25
Treasurer....Lawrence Bartley, '27

A committee of representatives was also chosen from Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman years.

On the suggestion of our Vice-Moderator, historical subjects were chosen by the executive, and commit-

tees of three were appointed by that body to investigate, and eventually read essays on various topics at the subsequent meetings.

The meetings, held at eight o'clock on the evening of each second Tuesday, were well attended, and manifest interest was remarked. As a result, our knowledge of historical subjects was considerably increased. Among the topics discussed were the life of St. Paul from the historical viewpoint, the Melkite and Greek Churches, the influence of Peter the Great in the East, the alleged Bull of Adrian IV granting permission for the conquest of Ireland, the civilization of the Aztecs, a comparison of the state of ante-revolution serfdom in France with the condition of the Russian peasantry. These subiects, as well as numerous others were treated very thoroughly by the lecturers who readily answered questions put to them by the audience.

So much for the present. The future, if one may conjecture, will only show an increase in enthusiasm and in practical results achieved. All essays deemed worthy are filed with the secretary, and as they increase in number will eventually prove a fine source of historical data for future students.

On behalf of the society, too much praise cannot be tendered to our esteemed friend and Vice-Moderator, Mr. Smyth-Piggot, who was not only responsible for the organization of the society, but, in addition, through his vast erudition and his pleasing personality, deserves the highest credit for the signal success it has attained.

CUTHBERT SCOTT, '25.
Secretary



YOLA COLLEGE

Address all communications to LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW, Sherbrooke Street West Terms—One Dollar and a Quarter the Copy. All subscriptions will be gratefully received.

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1925

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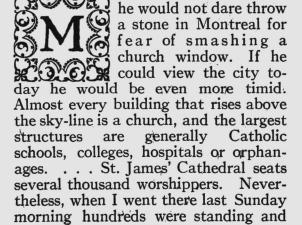
ARK TWAIN said that

JOHN McCAFFREY, '27

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 11

Editorial



to capacity for the next." The above appreciation of Montreal. given by Frank Carpenter in his work, 'Canada and Newfoundland", might

within fifteen minutes after one service was concluded, it was filled again

be offered without any comment, and it certainly needs neither corroboration nor explanation. The visitor, in going about Montreal even on a week-day, is at once impressed by the unmistakable supremacy of religion and of education on every side. Some three hundred years ago the white man first came to Mont Royal. Leading, among these, were priests of the Catholic Church, accompanying them, fervent Catholics as zealous for the saving of souls as for the conquest for France.

And can we say that these first motives of colonization have been perverted? It is true that some incidents, some circumstances, we might say some features could lead to the supposition. But if there are unfortunate beings in Montreal, we must remember that it is now a large city; if some reports point to godless practices, we must not forget that they incriminate

but a fraction of the citizens.

It is certainly safe to say that here in Montreal the Catholic Church has its strongest foundation, its pillar of strength for the whole Dominion. In the churches thousands praise God each day and this number is swelled out of proportion on Sundays; in the countless colleges and schools the younger generation is receiving instruction in sound principles borne out by reasoned practice; in monasteries, scholasticates and convents the prayers of hundreds of religious are offered; and standing on solemn, majestic guard over this amalgam of religious enterprise, the illuminated cross on Mount Royal rises toward Heaven as a constant tribute of fidelity to God and undying faith in His Perfection.

EACH year, as the work of collecting material for the *Review* is started, the question of a semi-annual or quarterly publication in Loyola comes to the fore. The reason for this is the discovery each year of the wealth of literary talent among the students as well as the endless series of activities within the college. Truly, as sources,

these could not be equalled.

As everyone in Loyola is well aware, there has been a long felt want for more frequent publication of a college magazine here. While an annual is capable, as has been demonstrated in the past, of giving a complete report of college activities and also of giving a fair representation of the intellectual efforts of the students, nevertheless it would seem that this branch, though really one of the most important and most beneficial of all public representations, is confined to the appearance of one *Review* each year.

Last Autumn the first step in the direction we favor was taken when the Loyola News was brought into exist-Apart from this, there is another field still untouched and that is the bringing to light of essays, poems, short stories and sketches which cannot possibly be absorbed in one annual publication. It is without exaggeration that we state that the matter submitted for the Review this year could well, with a few additions, have been divided for two very creditable Reviews and it seems a misfortune that such talent should remain hidden under a bushel.

But on the other side, it has been found that the matter of editing, financing and generally conducting a quarterly or even semi-annual publication would entail difficulties too great to be surmounted at present, and that such a departure must await the further growth of the college. It is further observed that during the past five or six years the *Review* has grown apace with the college.

Of course these views are quite well founded; nevertheless it is not unfitting that this should close with an appeal to the students and all others interested next year to once again consider the situation, and we are quite sure that the many friends and Old Boys of Loyola would welcome nothing more than a quarterly or semi-annual Loyola

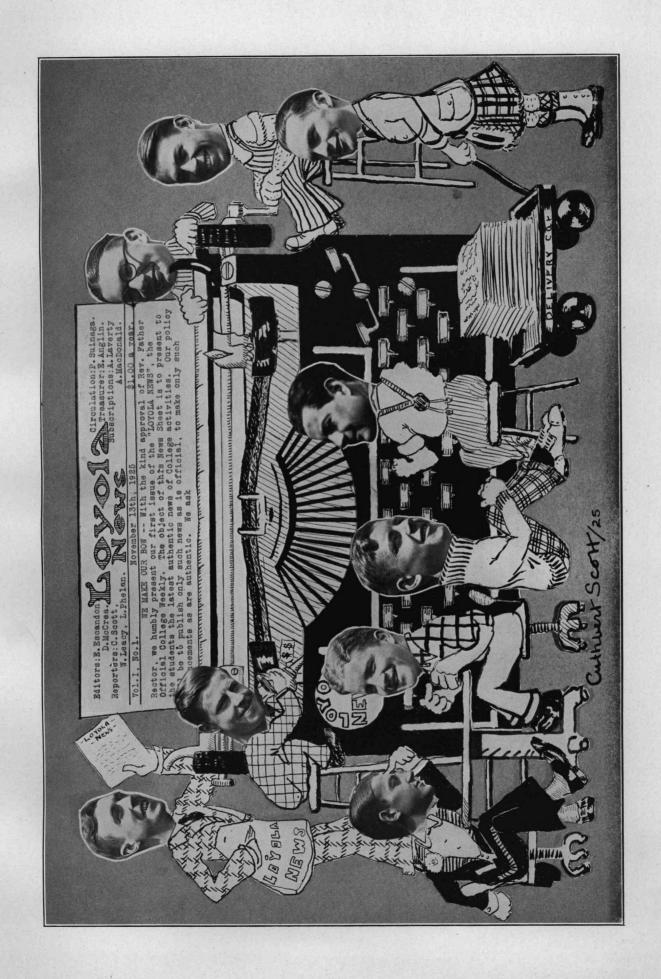
College Review.

EQUESTS have come in that the Review give the addresses of former Professors. This was contemplated, but as so many Jesuits change houses about July 31, it was thought better to suggest that letters be sent to Loyola College whence they will be readily forwarded.

J. Al. Kennedy, '25.

THE past year has witnessed the successful inception of two institutions within the walls of Loyola —the founding of a College weekly, and the organization of an historical society. The latter is dealt with elsewhere in this issue.

As for the weekly—The Loyola News —our thanks are due to Mr. E. Chabot,



SyJ., who first suggested the idea to a number of Philosophers. Two things are necessary for the success of a college paper, that it come out regularly and that it increase—never decrease—in volume. Recognizing this it was decided so to distribute the work among the various members of the staff that each one would have a minimum to perform. To that end, the following were selected:—As Editors, E. Escandon and D. McCrea; reporters, C. Scott and W. Leacy; treasurer, E. Anglin; subscriptions, A. Laverty and D. A. MacDonald. The first edition was published on November

12th, and was received by all with "loud acclaim". A nominal charge of ten cents was made on the students, while it received considerable support from friends of the College who gave us a generous financial assistance.

The paper filled a long felt want in communicating to the student body all official notifications, making known before time all coming events, sporting and otherwise, and also constituting an official record of games, scores, etc. Next autumn will doubtless see a more pretentious publication, and a most successful year is anticipated.

Douglas Archie MacDonald, '26



Diary

Sept. 9th High School students return. "Red" O'Connor claims that he is going to work this year. "Chubby" Dunne, however, knows better.

Many changes among the Faculty. Fathers Bartlett and Cloran leave for a year at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Father George Bradley changes places with Father J. Leahy as Rector of Campion College, Regina, Sask. Our Prefect, Fr. F. J. McDonald goes to St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, for a twelve-months' visit with some of his former charges. Fr. Pius McLellan is now at St. Ignatius Church, Winnipeg. Among other solid fruits of his labours here, he leaves five excellent tennis-courts. Mr. Christopher Keating departs for the general direction of Ireland, "patria sua," but stops for his course of Theology at St. Beuno's, Wales. Mr. T. B. Dechene, goes to the Immaculate Conception Scholasticate for a similar course. Mr. O. Labelle is teaching at the Industrial School, Spanish, Ont.

Of the lay professors, Mr. D. J. Collins left us for the Seminary. knows better. Spanish, Ont.

Of the lay professors, Mr. D. J. Collins left us for the Seminary.

The newcomers are Fr. Gasson for Philosophy, Fr. Austin Bradley for English and Mathematics, Fr. Leahy as Minister, Fr. Alex. McDonald as guardian of the flock in recreation. The important position of Prefect is entrusted to Fr. John Keenan whom many athletes of years gone by will remember with pleasure. Other new faces are those of Messrs. Nunan, Fitzgerald, McDonnell and Doherty, S.J.

Sept. 10th

Sept. 10th

Sept. 10th lists of promotions are being read afterwards.

College students come banging in at all hours of the night. The new philosophers are quite delighted with their rooms. In fact, only the elite have rooms owing to the influx into Junior year, both from outsiders and from those who think Freshman and Sophomore wards. entirely beneath their dignity. "Fat" Frégeau is fatter than ever. He says that he worked last summer, but no one believes him. George Daly and Fred Manley "did" Europe, and as a result are far above "hoi polloi."

Annual retreat opens to-day; preached by Very Rev. Father Filion, S.J.

The house are now telling one another how Sept. 23rd The boys are now telling one another how hard they are going to work from now on. Sept. 28th However, the next question is "Who wants a hand of bridge after supper?" Major Reynolds arrives and starts talking C.O.T.C. Dark visions of heavy rifles Sept. 30th and tired feet.

Our football teams are victorious over
U. of M. on the occasion of our opponent's entry into football. Our Intermediates won 18 to 0 and the Juniors, Oct. 1st as yet an untried team easily gained a 22-5 win. Again Loyola is victorious over her ancient foe, McGill. The Juniors trounced the Oet. 4th Red and Whites to the tune of 16 to 0

and the Intermediates, inspired, no doubt, by the good example, rang up a score of 18 to 2. Oct. 6th Double victory at McGill. Juniors, 14-0; Intermediates, 15-1. Double victory over U. of M. Juniors, and Intermediates. Oct. 11th good number of the boys go down to Atwater Park to see the Giants and the White Sox in action. Oct. 13th Oct. 15th
The Botany class at the invitation of the Provincial Government visited the Forestry School and Nursery at Berthier.

Oct. 24th
In two of the hardest fought games of the season, our football teams bore away the solar of victors. At Kingston the Interpalm of victory. At Kingston, the Inter-mediates nosed out a victory over Queen's in the last quarter, the final score being 8-7. On the home grounds the Juniors defeated R.M.C. 26-16. The boys are pretty gloomy to-day. A double defeat at the hands of Bishop's (8-5) and Queen's (10-5). A fund is being raised to give a loving cup to one of the officials. Nov. 1st Nov. 2nd The "Steam Rollers" score a victory over St. Agnes, and "Mose" McArdle indulges in a little fistic encounter to the woe of the opposing unfortunate.

Nov. 4th The Americans rejoice in the election of Coolidge and of Governor Smith of New York York. The first snowfall of the season. All our Nov. 5th newcomers hear doleful tales of the rigors of the Canadian winter.

Al Kennedy springs the best joke of the year. "Well, boys, this is my last year. I must go and study."

Geo. Daly spent a sleepless night due to the cyclone which took off a portion of the roof and deposited it underneath his windows. Nov. 7th Nov. 8th windows. Nov. 12th Football returns to Loyola. The Juniors came through with a win over R.M.C., 11-8. Real old Loyola weather for the game, lots of mud and a corresponding Nov. 8-12 Some of the fortunates spend the weekend at home and abroad. Loyola has the first edition of the new publication, the "News." Nov. 15th The Juniors scored a fine win over R.M.C. and McNally in the excitement forgot that he ever brought a suit case.

The first real touch of winter hits the old college and hockey is the main topic of Nov. 17th conversation.
"Waldo," the turtle mascot of the Junior football team, leaves this vale of tears Nov. 18th nd his obsequies are conducted with the dignity due his standing by the inhabitants of the "Phlat." A bad omen for the success of team on Saturday next.

Nov. 22nd The Juniors suffer a defeat at the hands of Toronto 'Varsity after having had things their own way for the first three periods. their own way for the first three periods. "Clem Trihey," the new hockey coach, was out and had the first practice for the Junior and Intermediate teams. A very Nov. 27th large number of aspirants for honors in hockey turned out. In the next few days the weeding out process is expected to take place.

Dec. 2nd Loyola entertains three distinguished guests, their Lordships, Bishop Fallon. of London, Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro, and Bishop McNally of Hamilton. Their Lordships score one for the "common people," by awarding three additional days at the beginning of the Xmas holidays. Xmas holidays.

Sophomore defeated Freshman in the Annual Rugby Classic. (17-1).

The first hockey game of the season. The Old Boys with Frankie Carlin, Earl Coughlin, "Tory" Shibley, Roger McMahon, Jack Holland, "Cy" Taylor and Frank McGillis played a draw game with the present students, each team scoring twice on very poor ice.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception Dec. 3rd Dec. 7th Dec. 8th The feast of the Immaculate Conception
was celebrated with a very fine series of
ceremonies under the auspices of the
Sodalities. Rev. Fr. R. McDonald
preached a very fine sermon and Rev.
Fr. Rector presided over a sumptuous banquet. banquet.

During a terrific wind this morning a large portion of the temporary roof on the Administration Building was blown off disturbing the slumbers of a number of the less industrious of the philosophers.

Dec. 15th

The first event of the dramatic year at the college. The "Private Secretary" was produced at St. Anthony's hall and was a very decided success from every was produced at 3t. Antionly 8 half and was a very decided success from every point of view.

Of course you know what this date means. No? Too bad! I've just time to catch my train for home. See you next year. Dec. 19th The fellows are all back from the holidays fresh and eager for work???

The Junior Hockey team dropped the first game of the season to St. Gabriel's after a very hard fought contest. The only Jan. 8th Jan. 10th tally was scored in the dying moments of the game. The Intermediates drew their contest with McGill at our own rink. Jan. 11th

The Historical Society was formed this evening under the guidance of Mr. Smyth-Piggot and the patronage of Rev. Fr. Rector. Jan. 17th The Juniors tasted blood for the first time to-day and marched home with the scalps of St. Anthony's after a very fine exhibition of hockey. The "Phlat" received a visit from "Alex" Grant, '24. U. of M. took our hockeyists into camp.
The score was 2-0.
Fine performance of the eclipse. Scenery was fine and the act was right on time.
The Intermediates declared that revenge is sweet after defeating U. of M. to the Jan. 20th Jan. 24th Jan. 30th is sweet after defeating U. of M. to the refrain of 1-0.

Jan. 31st

In the first International hockey in which Loyola has participated since 1917 the college team went down to defeat before Boston College. Score, 3-1.

Feb. 1st

We had the pleasure of entertaining the B.C. boys, the West End "Phlat" being given over to their use. We were promised a return visit next year.

Feb. 2nd

Fr. J. H. Keenan, Fr. Austin Bradley and Brother Hévey took their final vows in the Chapel to-day.

Feb. 10th

The Annual Smoker Banquet took place this evening and was a decided success from every point of view.

from every point of view.

Feb. 14th A treat for the Loyola hockey fans. The
Intermediates piled up a 5-2 score on

U. of M. and the Juniors slipped in a counter on Victorias in the last few minutes of what bade fair to be a score-Feb. 17th
The Juniors had no difficulty in wresting a 3-0 victory from St. Lambert's.
The Juniors again add to their string by beating their ancient foes, McGill, and running the score up to 4-1. The Intermediates did not fare so well and lost to McGill. lost to McGill.

Loyola wins in the first round of the InterUniversity Debating Championships by
defeating Ottawa College and University of Bishop's College.

Feb. 27th

Another victory for the Juniors. U. of M.
furnished the scalp this time. Score, 3-2.

Another set of hockey hopes rudely trampled upon! The Junior team lost their chance for the Junior title by dropping a hard-fought game to St. Gabriel's, the lone goal bouncing in from a seemingly impossible angle. And the earthquake—Fat Fregeau cried, Freddy Manley began to study, Geo. Daly was as cool as the proverbial cucumber—mighty are the powers of the earthquake.

Mar. 3rd

Mar. 3rd

The Loyola debaters missed the Dominion Title by a very small margin with Queen's. Queen's. Queen's.

The College was honored by a visit from its founder, the Rev. Fr. Filiatrault, S.J.

Mar. 10th

Fourth High wins the Inter-Mural Hockey Championship of the college as a result of a very exciting game with Sophomore.

Mar. 16th

The "Private Secreteary" was played in the College Hall to a very enthusiasti and appreciative audience. It was voted a great success. the College Hall to a very enthusiasti and appreciative audience. It was voted a great success.

Mar. 23rd The Class of '26 wins the Championship of the Inter-Class Debating League. losing the decision of but one judge out of twelve in the series. Much talent was displayed by all participants.

Mar. 28th A very stormy meeting of the L.C.A.A. took place in the study hall. No casualties were reported, but "reverse" compliments were flying thick and fast. The Intermediate Club held a Buffet Supper and entertainment at the club rooms in the evening. Father Prefect and many of the Smoker members were the guests of the evening. Most of the boys packed their bags and rushed off to the old home town for the observance of Holy Week and also to secure a bit of respite from their hard (?) labors of the lecture room.

April 19th The Choir, under the direction of Father Senécal and in conjunction with members of the Pius X Liturgical Choir of New York City, sang the solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's church. Their efforts were appreciated by all. The first baseball game of the season was held at the College grounds against the St. Agnes Parish team. The scoresheet showed a decisive victory for the students. showed a decisive victory for the stu-April 26th The services of the College Choir were highly appreciated at St. Michael's Parish Church at the High Mass. Needless to say, the girls deserved great praise, and received it. In the afternoon the local Lacrosse players joined in a practice game with the University of Montreal.

A Drawing-Room Engagement

vain had I kept putting off this decision for many months until finally my family had made up my mind for me. I must go to the dentist's. After much wrangling, I set out on my pilgrimage of woe. Oh! how my poor jaw hurt! I felt about as happy as a boarder returning to college after summer vacation.

Finally I arrived at my destination. A glittering brass sign informed the populace at large that Dr. Yankem pulled teeth "without pain." Personally, I felt quite sure of it; every dentist I had gone to before had used what might have been a monkey-wrench, for all I knew. Summoning all the courage I had left, I rang the bell and dashed up the stairs, just in time to bump into the nurse who came to open the door.

"Yes." I answered with a gulp.
"Do you wish to see the dentist?"
"No!" asid I, emphatically, "I don't

wish to see him, but I have to,"

"This way, please," she said, leading me into a room that corresponded in every detail to my idea of an undertaker's parlor.

There were the usual out-of-date ma-

gazines on a table in the corner. I took up the first one and sank into a chair. The first article was entitled "First Aid for the Injured." What would it have to say about a toothache? After reading it through carefully, I found the sage advice—Go to a dentist. I cast it aside in disgust. The other magazine (there were two) proved to be the Ladies' Homely Lournal. I straightway looked for the

a dentist. I cast it aside in disgust. The other magazine (there were two) proved to be the Ladies' Homely Journal. I straightway looked for the sport page; of course there was none, so I turned to a story. I had just begun to glance through the pages when I heard a yell and "Oh! Doctor. Please don't, Doctor!" This was very en-

couraging. I felt that I wanted to see that dentist about as much as a burning man wants to see a Quebec Heater. I continued looking over the stories till I came to one named "Minnie Takes an Airing." I had always liked sport stories, so began to read it. The villian was just about to steal the heroine, when I heard a prolonged, death-like "O-o-ow!" My knees shook. I looked around for some means of escape. There was none. The nurse stood in the door-way telling me that I was next.

"Oh! no. I'm sure I am not." I said as unconcernedly as possible. "The lady over there is ahead of me."

She, with equal generosity, was quite sure that it was my turn. So, as it is impossible to argue with a woman, I had to go.

The dentist was a rough looking man who seemed to be gloating over a prospective victim.

"Well!" he said, in a gruff voice.
"Not very, Doctor." I replied meekly.

He pointed to the chair.

"Nice day, isn't it?" he said. (It was raining outside).

"Rather," I answered, trying to keep my eyes on him while he sorted out his instruments of torture.

"Warm day, isn't it?" he said starting up again.

"Rather," I answered in spite of the fact that I had cold feet.

He talked on for a while, then asked me if I would like gas. I told him I wanted that job finished as quickly as

he could do it.
"Now, how many are there?"

"Only one." (There were really two). "All right. Now, which one is it?"

"Well, I'm not sure that it needs to be pulled," I said, beginning to look doubtful, "but you see that big one in the back?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Well, that is not it."

"Which one is it then?" he asked

impatiently.

"As I said before, Doctor, I'm not sure that it needs to be pulled, but" I said, pointing it out, "it's this one."

"All right. Take your finger out of the way so I can see it. So it's this one,

eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "but as I said before—"

"That will do," he said, interrupting me. "Open your mouth wide."

I opened it about half an inch.

"I said wide open."

"Yes, but Doctor, will it hurt?"

"Nonsense!" he said, fastening the pliers on my tooth.

My knees shook and I felt the end

had come.

"Steady now.' he said, and suddenly I felt as though Gibraltar were being torn from its firm base, said base being my jaw.

"Did it hurt?" he asked, holding up

the trophy before me.

"Oh, no! Not in the slightest," I answered in a vain attempt at biting sarcasm. Grabbing my hat, I rushed for the door.

That other tooth still hurts me but I cannot summon up enough courage to again risk my life in a dentist's chair.

LIONEL STANFORD, H.S. '25.

EASTER DAY, 1925

Bearded Winter turned his back and fled;
At once his mourning daughter cast her cloak of black,
Of rain and driving sleet, and donned anew
Her garb of colours. Seeing this, retraced his track

And scolded Spring, compelling her to wear
His hoary livery. Poor Winter! Vain your force
Against Spring's lovers, strong in youth and void
Of jealousy. The Sun now bids him feel remorse;

Soon melts his heart by piercing looks; the Breeze Of Spring torments his brow; in shame he tears away His mottled robe. Then teasing chirp the birds And dance upon its ragged edge through all the day.

Resume thy smile, O Maid of Spring, and may It broaden into bubbling mirth; thy beauty shine Unchecked by frowns, the souvenirs of death, And may all promised lovers prove as true as thine.

Joseph O'Connor, H.S., '26.

Christopher Columbus or Leif Ericson?

half Columbus' priority in the discovery of the New World was unquestioned. About fifty years ago, however, its truth begin to be doubted; and to-day, this belief has been almost universally relinquished in favour of the Norseman, Leif Ericson.

There is no need to mention here any details of the life and voyages of Columbus, with which we are all more or less acquainted; but of the life of Leif, son of Eric the Red, very little is known; the greater part of what we have learnt being acquired from the old Norse sagas and the various traditions of the Eskimos of Labrador.

One of these sagas, written about the year 1000 A.D., deals with Leif, then staying in Iceland, while his father, Eric the Red, was living in Greenland. "About Christmastide," so the legend runs, "Leif embarked in a rowboat upon his annual visit to his father. He was driven from his course by strange winds and currents, and found himself floating in unknown waters, off foreign shores. Desiring to reach Greenland in time for the Yuletide celebrations, Leif did not go ashore, but noting the lay of the land, on arriving in his father's settlement, he persuaded some of his tribesmen to accompany him on an expedition to this new country. They reached their destination, and settled down to farming, many going home and returning with their wives and children."

Other sagas state that Leif Eriscon sailed upon a voyage in quest of new lands which the Norseman, Bjarni Herjulfson, was reported to have sighted a few years previously. He reached the land which he called Vinland, or "Wineland the Good," and founded a small colony there.

This legendary account of the founding of the colony is corroborated by the traditions of the Eskimos, which claim that "these strange settlers" lived with them for at least two years; though what part of Labrador or Newfoundland they inhabited, and whether they were really the followers of Leif, has yet to be ascertained. It is surmised, however, that after a short period, these early colonists completely disappeared either through massacre or pestilence or by absorption into the Eskimo Race.

The remains of these early Norsemen in Labrador, include an ancient stone house in Nain, a village on the coast. This edifice, so the natives claim, was built by strange people some centuries ago, and is said to correspond with the accounts of Norse houses in Greenland. Then, too, further south along the New England coast, there are the phenomenal ruins of the so-called "Old Mill" at Newport, Rhode Island, which can be explained only by the hypothesis that Leif Eriscon actually did proceed thus far with his followers, and planted a settlement at this point. The remains of the Lost Colony of the Norsemen in Greenland comprise some fifteen stone churches and about a hundred farm-houses which, until the mysterious annihilation of the colonists, housed some eight thousand inhabi-

Now the trail of the Norsemen to the West, in those days stretched from Norway through Iceland to Greenland, and thence supposedly to the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland. So that by a comparison of the Eskimo relics on the Labrador coast with those of the Lost Colony in Greenland, the early existence of this final link between the southern part of Greenland and the northeastern coast of America, may be proved through the indubitable Norse origin of the Greenland remains.

R. A. BAILEY, H.S., '26.



Pages From the Past

As my devotion to that time-honored institution, the strap, is well known, the Editors of the *Review* have asked me to write an account of those qualms, both inner and outer, experienced by one who is, for the first time, about to come into intimate contact with the leather you love (?) to touch. And here is the story.

It was a beautiful warm day in September. The little birds were chirping gaily in the tree-tops, the campus was ideal for a game of rugby, and I, an inexperienced boy who had entered this institute of learning precisely three days before, could not reconcile this state of affairs with a room wherein all was quiet, where a graveyard silence hung over everything and a hundred sagacious heads were buried deep in books of learning. I had not pondered long on this before things began to happen.

Now it chanced that I had in my possession a nice long string of firecrackers. You know the kind I mean. Apply a lighted match at one end, and they proceed to emit a series of staccato reports that sound much like a machine gun in action, or the noise made by the roof of the Administration building when it is blown off. Well, when the back of the study-hall master was turned to my watchful gaze, I drew forth those crackers and lit the fuse. When order had been somewhat restored, we were all ejected from the room out into the open, where the sun shone, the birds chirped, and a game of rugby was in progress. As I stretched my limbs upon the green grass of the campus, I thought that this would be a good idea to use in future when the hours of study proved too irksome. Do you not see now, just how inexperienced I was?

However, I began to grow much more experienced a few minutes later when a

boy approached with the dismal news that I was "wanted" by the Prefect of Discipline. Instantly I received expressions of sympathy from all sides. Of course this cheered me up greatly. Then came well-meaning fellows who assured me that the first fifty were the worst; after that it was actually enjoyable. Some of my best friends entertained me by singing the praises of the Prefect, how hard he could hit, that he knew just where to strike, was up to all the tricks of the trade, and so on.

By this time I was wondering if I would ever recover from the effects; If I would, perhaps, be killed or only seriously hurst. As I walked very despondently toward the house of doom, visions of the boys I had thus far seen coming forth from a hot session with this very Prefect, the tearful faces, the fiery red hands, all came to me with a rush. Oh! why had I been so foolish! A distance that would usually take one to three minutes to traverse, was not yet completed after ten. But all things finite must come to an end, and thus it was that I finally found myself outside the portals of the chamber of terror. I wasted another five minutes there, trying to summon what little courage remained in me. After several futile attempts, I finally rapped very feebly on the oaken panels. At once the corridor was filled with the reverberating roar that issued from the cavernous depths of the office. "Come in!"

"I have heard from good authority that you"—a great deal of emphasis on the "you" part of it—"were the cause of this afternoon's disturbance."

Thus sounded the first gun. Then followed a scathing and raking fire which seemed to last for a couple of hours. At the end of it, a long, black object, serpentine in its very appear-

ance, was brought forth, much to my discomfort. Let us draw a kindly veil over the next few terrible moments. I am really not certain just what happened, as details were entirely beyond my control.

This is the story of my first, but sad to say, not my last visit to this dignitary's sanctum for identical purposes. No, I think that the old saying "familiarity breeds contempt" applies in this case, for although I do not hold a certain instrument of torture in absolute contempt, still it inspires very little of its first terrors in this your humble correspondent.

RONALD MACDONALD, H.S., '27

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

The broad St. Lawrence's raging waters deep Defied the fort's stout walls, in savage glee. De Maisonneuve a cross, the post to keep, Placed at the river's edge, that all might see.

And then the settler's mighty faith to test,
The river leaps the moat and storms the gate;
But soon the Cross's power obtains their quest,
And now the stream returns to former strait.
Then grateful Maisonneuve, his written oath
To keep, the woodsmen sends to clear the way;
He humbly helps the workmen, nothing loath.

And on Epiphany, the chosen day,
By rites of old Crusaders he is made
The first Knight of the Cross in that new land.
He leads the train high up the mountain's grade
And plants the rood without a helping hand
Upon the mountain's top where tall oaks tower,
Where many favors were to be obtained.
So may we through the Cross's gracious power

O Holy Crown upon Mount Royal's brow, O fearless sceptre reigning o'er the land, Which to thy rule did ever humbly bow, Be thou eternally our guiding hand; Grant that our country rich in blessings rare May ever merit thy protection fair.

Have hope of benefactions to be gained.

RODOLPHE TIMMINS, H.S., '25.

A Canadian Night's Entertainment

good one; meat pie the attraction. I lay in bed thinking about it. The

breeze made the little tuft of hair on my forehead quiver gently. Soon the quivering grew into a rustling; the wind seemed more active. I opened my eyes to find myself out in the open, under a tree in a very wild-looking valley.

As I got up to look about me in the cold, drear dawn, I saw before me a path winding up the mountain. followed it. Up to the heights it led me, thence down again into a dark, narrow valley, and up once more to the mouth of a gloomy cave on the farther side. By the rays of the rising sun, which lit up the depths of the cavern, I perceived an old man with long, flowing beard. In his hands was held with great reverence a book, the contents of which he was apparently committing to memory. Some mystic tome, thought I. Closer inspection revealed the cryptic words "Cornelius Nepos" inscribed upon the battered cover.

Softly over the golden morn broke the strains of holy music accompanying saintly voices. Hearing this, the Hermit chimed in with a high pitch that re-echoed through the mountains. A tall youth clad in short running pants and gym shirt, with pilgrim's staff in hand, rounded the bend. The Hermit ran forward to meet him, crying aloud, "Peace be with thee, holy Ellesworth!" The newcomer embraced the Hermit and said, "Pray for us, holy man, my brother pilgrims are even now coming up the defile."

Next I saw a group of singing youths filing up the path. They wore long flowing robes; on their heads were

rugby helmets, on their feet moccasins. Peculiar as it may seem, it did not in the least surprise me to recognize my old schoolmates. First came the studious Dash and beside him the penitent Donner. When they reached the Hermit they embraced him and passed on. Thus did he salute those who followed; "Peace be with thee, holy Kearns! The Lord comfort thee, Widower George! May thy voice get thee a place among the Sistine Choristers, oh, howly Ed. Ryan!"

After them came with slow and heavy tread the converted sinner W. Connor, on the arm of his follower Curtis.

When they had passed, I was about to descend when the sound of thundering hoofs fell upon my ears. Up rode a troop of horsemen. From his black charger, the gallant captain called out for the Hermit, who thus made answer, "Good speed, my lord Davidson."

"I search for the vagabond Byrne; he put chalk-dust in my hair. Corporal McVey, ride to the east with the fearless Bland, Stevens and Meagher," he commanded. "Good-bye, holy one," he cried as he departed, "I go with Count Kane, Lancer McMahon and Blacksmiths Power and Hushion to the wilds of Montreal West."

In wonder I watched them tear away. Down the other side of the mountain I walked deep in thought on all that had passed before me. Soon I entered a vast forest. As I approached a huge tree, I heard "Extra Weekly—extra—one shekel each!"

There sat my old friend, Joe Murphy.

"Still handling the Weeklies, eh, Joe?" I asked.

"Yes, you'll notice I don't give them away any more" he answered, with a

wink as he slapped a bag of gold at his side.

At this moment such a wind blew up that I was forced to seek shelter behind a huge boulder near by. To my astonishment I found myself in a garden before a superb palace. The walls were of the whitest marble, and the bright morning sun shone and sparkled on a hundred thousand rubies that covered its dome. A fairer and more elaborate sight never met the eves of man. Guarding the door was a burly Ethiopian who glared at me for a moment. He soon recognized me, however, and we began to talk over old times; he was the Imperial Door-keeper Le-Mesurier. Leaving him, I came into a great palm court, and there ran into my old friend Power.

"What is your job, Lorne?" I asked.

"Manicuring the crocodiles. I've got to get busy now. Come on, Jumbo,"—this to a stalwart Nubian beside him—"he's my assistant, you know. Goodbye."

A little farther up the walk I came upon several young men in golf suits,

each holding an onion in his left hand. "Hail!" they called to me. I recognized Burke and Wilson.

"What are you?" I asked.

"Porters of the Doors of the Larder," was the answer.

"I want to see the Grand Mogul."

"Step this way," said a turbaned head behind them.

"J. M. McCarthy, what are you doing here?"

"I'm the Supreme Chamberlain," he

I followed him and soon stood before the Grand Mogul. He was fat and covered with silk robes; he was none other than "Fritz" Quinlan. Running towards him, I caught him in my arms. He felt light and soft, like a pillow. Ye gods! he was a pillow. I shook it soundly.

"What are you trying to do with that?" demanded a loud voice.

I opened my eyes, and above the bed saw the beaming face of Mr Carrick, the Dormitory Master.

Leonard Green, H.S., '27.

HIGH SCHOOL GEOMETRY

- 1. Locus is an African insect.
- 2. A straight line is a story that is true.
- 3. A theorem is something that we cannot understand but which we take to be true.
- 4. We have the converse of a theorem when two people talk about it.
- 5. A man is said to be concentric when he has some peculiar habits.
- 6. If in an exam. less than thirty-four is obtained, it is then said to be supplementary.
- 7. On the other hand, if in an exam. every student obtains more than thirty-four, the teacher is then said to be complimentary.

- 8. Wills and Dempsey are said to be parallel because they will never meet.
- 9. A line may be produced to any length so long as the listeners do not tire of it.
- 10. There are two sides to every story.

 These two sides, however, even if produced to any length, will never be equal.
- 11. When two cats meet, they are then said to form a wrangle.
- 12. A median is a person possessed by the personality of a dead man.

LIONEL STANFORD, H.S., '25.

Two Thousand Years Hence

It was the talk of every scientist of the world: Professor Newman, while making some excavations at the site of Montreal, destroyed in the year 1925 by volcanic eruptions, recently came upon some extensive ruins in one of the suburbs of the ancient city. ruins, which consist of three buildings, seem to have been an educational establishment, and from these much is to be learned of the school-boy of that age when railroads, electric cars and those strange conveyances called automobiles, were in vogue.

The class-rooms reveal the most interesting remains. They contain the bodies of the students themselves. The fine volcanic ash has acted as a perfect preservative, and when cleared away, discloses the forms of the students in those very postures they must have held when overcome by the deadly gases from the crater mouth. Work seems to have gone on undisturbed until the rapidly spreading vapours imperceptibly snuffed out life. So to us has been saved the life-like image of the school-boy of two thousand

years ago.

We may take on the junior rooms as typical. As we enter, at the first bench sits a round fat boy. So well preserved is this specimen that even the freckles still shine out brightly on the ruddy cheeks now hard as stone. This lad seems to have held some position of importance; it is written all over him. To the lapel of his coat is pinned a small metal badge. Scientists who have studied the customs of this ancient people, state that he belonged to a secret organisation known as Boy-Scouts; yet why, or what they scouted they cannot quite make out.

Another pupil must have been a designer of tesselated floorings. He is bent over a paper marked off in squares and filled with a curious pattern of words. He seems to have still been,

when the end, came, in search of a three letter word meaning a cheese. Along the side of the room, one boy had just been halted while rising from his desk towards the black slate that lines the wall. With one hand he is reaching for what appears to have been used as a brush. His head is turned towards the front of the room with a questioning look. What the pupil's intention may have been,—whether to hurl the brush at someone, or to put it to a more legitimate use,—will pro-

bably never be known.

The nether garments of not a few pupils have caused the scientists much speculation. They are of such a remarkable length, and of such width at the bottom, that Professor Newman is at a loss to know how the wearers could have moved about. It is probable that they were put down at their class-doors by servants. All these with the flounced trousers wear the hair parted in the strict center. Compasses have been found in several of the rooms, which must have been used for the purpose of locating the exact middle. The hair is brushed straight back, and kept in position by some oily substance, so that to-day these heads shine like so many polished marble blocks. This type of head seems to have petrified very readily.

On a shelf in one corner of the room was found a small round metal object with many handles at the back. After much careful study and research, Professor Newman declares this to be an ancient instrument used to tell time, with a device for periodically awakening the students. In one corner was found a long pole, capped with iron This instrument sheds much light on the methods of school-masters in that semi-barbaric age. It is believed that the pole was used to prod into life somnolent pupils at the rear of the class. Shorter poles of the same nature were used for those at the front. Suspended from the ceiling were six cords, with bulbs of various sizes and shapes attached. Professor Newman and his colleagues suspect these to have been other instruments of punishment for unruly scholars.

All scientists of to-day are unanimous as to the importance of Professor Newman's discovery. The remains are so life-like that one can almost hear the echo of question and answer, the busy hum of that school-life of long ago.

EDWARD SHERIDAN, H.S., '28.

Loyola College High School Literary and Debating Society

WHILE statesmen reasoned upon vital questions which held their nations in awe, the self-same topics were discussed at the meetings of this humble society. Compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, the soldiers' bonus bill, the Japanese exclusion act, the recognition of Soviet Russia—all have had equally enthusiastic advocates and opponents among the members.

The roll was larger this year than it has been in the past, and our Rev. Moderator made every effort to have each member speak at least once during the term. To effect this, it was decided that six speakers should take part in each debate.

At the opening meeting, the following officers were elected for the first term:—President......G. Mulligan Vice-President......Paul Noble Secretary-Treasurer...Wm. O'Connor Sergeant-at-Arms.....Hubert Dunne

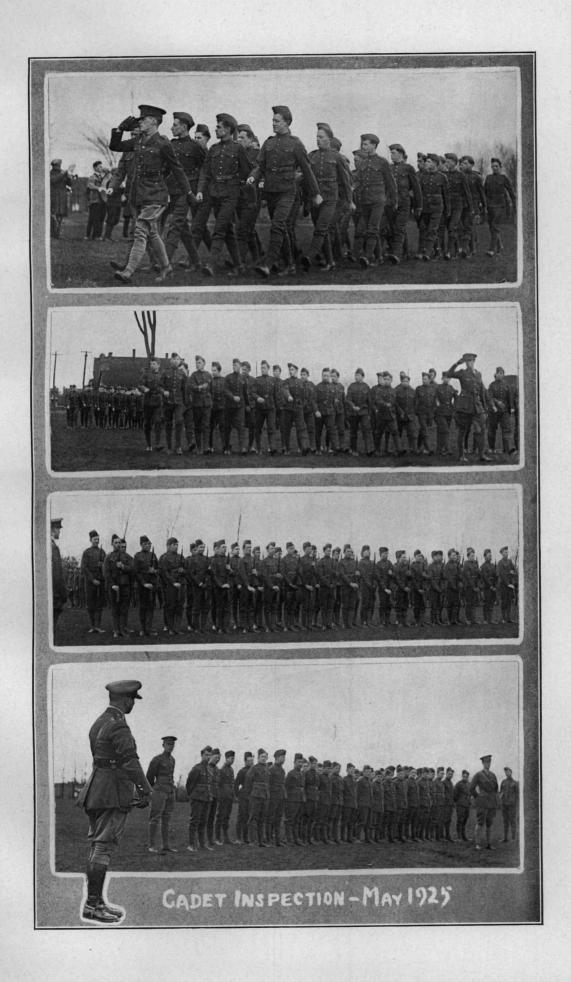
After a successful term, these officers retired and their respective places were filled by Garry Keely, John Murphy, J. O'Connor, and John Altimas.

The formal closing of the 1924-25 session was the annual Public Debate, held in the College Hall on May 2nd. The subject was "Resolved that Canada should co-operate with the United States in deepening the St. Lawrence River to permit the passage of oceangoing vessels to the Great Lakes." The affirmative was upheld by Michael Q. Shaughnessy and Garry Larkin while Joseph O'Connor and John, Murphy argued for the negative. The latter side won the decision by a close margin. The chair was occupied by Garry P. Keely. The debate was well prepared and well delivered. It amply deserved Fr. Rector's kind words of praise.

Due to the efforts of our Moderator, Mr. Fitzgerald, S.J., all the members who took an active interest in the Society have made no slight progress. We are looking forward to the near future when the one-time members of the 1924-25 High School Society will bring glory to the name of Loyola in the Inter-University debates.

J. O'CONNOR, H.S., '26.





Cadet Corps

"I congratulate the College and the instructors on the splendid showing of the Loyola Cadets this year." These words of Colonel Keefler, after the annual inspection of the cadet corps, bear ample witness to the degree of proficiency which the Loyola College cadets have attained.

As in other years September brought the first drill day and with it the rookies to swell the ranks of the awkward squad. Sergeant-Major Murtagh, however, soon had them in good shape, so that this platoon ceased to exist. And when the Armistice Day parade was held in November we formed a very creditable guard of honor in Notre Dame de Grace. Then as the winter progressed, physical training indoors, and route marching featured the weekly drill days for the company, while Major Long gave many interesting lectures to the "Special" platoon in the Junior study-hall.

Spring saw us once more on the quadrangle and campus preparing for our inspection, which as the opening words show, was acclaimed by all to be a success. The uniforms fitted as

well or better than was expected, oxfords were noted among the missing, buttons and leather gleamed, and a remarkable steadiness prevailed throughout. The company and platoon drill was a creditable performance, while the work of the "Special" platoon was really an exhibition of drill seldom seen in any cadet corps. Afterwards in a few well chosen words Colonel Keefler expressed his satisfaction with our work.

The Church parade which occurs on the Thirty-first of May will be a proper and fitting close to the efforts of our corps during the year 1924-1925. I am confident that this event will be carried out with the same skill, steadiness and willingness that characterises Loyola Cadets. We will have completed a very successful year under the care of our instructors. With each successive year the corps has advanced in perfection, so that it is difficult to foretell with any certainty the success and proficiency in store for the Loyola cadets.

E. CHRISTISON, '27.





The L.C.A.A.

Loyola should surpass all previous success in athletic circles, the election of officers for the year was held on Sept. 22nd and an overflow of enthusiasm was displayed at the meeting. Rev. Fr. A. MacDonald once again made his appearance as Moderator of the L.C.A.A., after a year's absence.

George Mill, veteran athlete in almost every line of sport, was unanimously elected as president with Joseph Beaubien, the popular choice for Vicepresident. The others elected were as follows:—

Secretary Al. Kennedy, '25 Treasurer D'Arcy O'Connell, '28

Resident Councillors:

Pedro Suinaga, '26. Paul Noble, H.S. '25. Lewis Stone, H.S. '26.

Non-resident Councillors: Gerald Altimas, '25. Edmund McCaffrey, '25. William Britt, H.S. '25.

With this executive in charge the various managers were appointed and

all necessary steps taken for a profitable year in athletics.

It might be well first to mention the improvements effected in the association itself before reviewing the activities in the various branches of sport. Realizing that the constitution of the L.C.A.A. had become almost obsolete following the great advance made in athletics at Loyola during the past few years, the executive resolved at an early meeting that it should be revised. This was entrusted to a committee which reported in the second term. Their findings recommended that the election of officers for the following year be held before the close of each scholastic year, as a means of giving the newly-elected officers time to prepare for the next year's work. Another innovation suggested was that managers for rugby and hockey teams be appointed by the outgoing executive, which would be in a better position to appoint these managers to begin at once preparing for the next year. Another change of importance which was suggested was the discarding of the Intermediate "L" and restriction for the granting of the Block "L," which would make this an enviable letter.



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT:—E. McCAFFREY, MGR., P. NOBLE, F. MANLEY, G. MULLIGAN, G. TYNAN, F. McNALLY, H. DUNNE, J. BEAUBIEN A. WIGGINS, G. PICEON, G. MILL, DR. DONNELLY, HON. COACH.
KNEELING:—M. PHELAN, E. ANGLIN, M. BANNON, A. PICKERING, G. ALTIMAS, CAPT., P. SUINAGA, J. CORCORAN, M. CHISHOLM, F. KEYES. INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL TEAM

All the proposed amendments to the constitution were accepted by the members of the association at a general meeting after enlightening discussion, so that Loyola now boasts a set of rules governing athletics second to none and imitative of those in the large universities, which are for the best interests of sport and which can apply in a slightly different institution such as ours.

Turning now to the achievements of our playing members, we boast the Provincial Intercollegiate championship in rugby in our first year in Intermediate company. After two hard games, one of which we won, we lost to Queen's by the narrow margin of four points. In the Junior series we went into the finals for the Dominion Intercollegiate title. In hockey our Intermediate representatives lost first place in their group in the final game and in the last few minutes of play. The Juniors in the Junior City League finished well up in the race and were composed entirely of new material, all last year's team having graduated to Intermediate ranks.

The track team equalled the great successes of last year and established some new records.

This year we were able to field a good baseball team as well as carrying on very profitable class League games, which not only benefitted the players taking part, but also afforded pleasant entertainment for the supporters of the teams.

In Lacrosse, we made further progress toward bringing back this national game to the place it deserves in Canada, and the Tennis season was productive of clean cut rivalry terminating in a most successful tournament.

A new departure this year is a basket ball team, which was started early in the season and encouraged by the association. Though under a great handicap through lack of practice facilities, the basketeers took advantage of every opportunity and made a very creditable showing. It is certain that next year this game will be given every prominence and encouragement.

At this writing arrangements are under way for the annual Field Day to be held on June 6th. This is the closing athletic event of the year and indications point to a banner program of track events.

J. Al. Kennedy, Sec., '25.

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE RUGBY

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL vs. LOYOLA

The first of the home and home series for the intercollegiate championship was opened by a win for Loyola on Wed., Oct. 1st. Great credit is due the U. of M. players as this was their first venture into football, only four of their squad having played football before.

The score of 18-0 is by no means an exact indication of the play, because U. of M. put up a stiff fight against the Junior champions of two years standing.

LOYOLA AT McGILL

From "McGill Daily" for Oct. 6th. 1924.

LOYOLA DEFEATED SECOND TEAM ON SATURDAY

Game was thrilling despite score.

"The Intermediate fixture between Loyola and the Red and White squad, played on the McGill campus, was extremely thrilling, owing to the fact that both teams were evenly balanced. Loyola was not lacking in experience, but was given a game scrap, even though the score was 18-2. Suinaga with his kicking and Bannon with his gallop starred for Loyola; Cameron played an excellent game for McGill."

McGILL AT LOYOLA

From the "Montreal Star," Oct. 8th, 1924

LOYOLA DOING THINGS UP BROWN "On the occasion of the second game between the old rivals the spectators were treated with a fine exhibition of rugby. Hard tackling, and heavy line plunging were constant throughout the struggle. At the end of the first half it was evident that the teams were evenly matched, and the result was merely a matter of speculation even to the most ardent partisans. But the second started with a fumble and a touch for Loyola made by Bannon who got away on a beautiful run. This seemed to take the heart out of McGill and from then on the issue was never in doubt. A 45 yard run by Bannon and the consistent kicking by Suinaga were the

LOYOLA AT U. OF M. Oct. 11th, 1924

great factors in the victory. The final

score was 15-5.

A marked improvement was evident on the part of the new U. of M. players in the second game, which ended with a score of 26-2 in favour of Loyola.

LOYOLA AT QUEEN'S

The opening game of the semi-finals was hard-fought and exciting owing to the fact that we were six points behind at the beginning of the final period. To quote The Gazette, "Loyola was out-weighed and slightly shaded on the line, and the game developed into a duel between the two great kicking halves Suinaga and Ada." There is no doubt the Loyola victory was in great part due to Suinaga's kicking. His two final drops from the 35 and 45 yard lines gave the team the one point lead which they maintained for the rest of the game. The Line held like a wall and only this made the drops possible. The game ended with a score of 8-7 in favour of Loyola.

QUEEN'S AT LOYOLA

The Intermediates suffered their first defeat in three years on Oct. 25, when Queen's triumphed in the return game by a score of 10-5, thus winning the round by four points. The game was the hardest Loyola played this season. However, very few penalties were handed out. The sensational feature of the game was a 55-yard drop by Suinaga. This kick established a record for Canadian Rugby, and leaves Leadley far in the background.

JUNIOR RUGBY

It is with considerable pride that we extend our heartiest congratulations to our Junior Football Team. For a squad in its first year of heavy company to reach the finals in the Inter-collegiate championship series, to win seven games out of nine, against teams for the most part heavier and more experienced and to lose only in the finals is a record of which any team might be proud. Not less enviable was their reputation for clean playing under all circumstances. For this more than anything else is Loyola proud of them. Practically all the men showed great promise. It is upon last year's Junior players that we are depending for new material to make up the Intermediate team of next year.

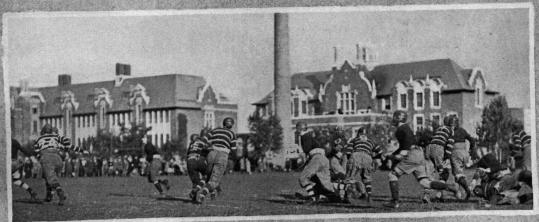
LOYOLA vs. U. OF M. Oct. 1st

It was soon apparent that we had nothing to fear from the University of Montreal Juniors, most of whom had never played rugby before. However, they managed to score one touchdown. Game ended with a score of 22-5 in favour of Loyola.

LOYOLA vs. McGILL Oct. 4th

Loyola experienced very little trouble in her first game with McGill.







- MIGILL AT LOYOLA - MIGILL AT LOYOLA - QUEEN'S AT LOYOLA At no time did the Red and White have the best of the play, and the Juniors with their peculiar shifting plays easily defeated their opponents, 16-0. Britt, Cannon and Altimas figured prominently for the College.

McGILL vs. LOYOLA Oct. 8th

In their second game, McGill Juniors again lost to Loyola. As before, Coach Shaughnessy's squad did not stand a chance. Both Hawkins and Britt carried the ball over for a touch, while Cannon made a sixty yard run. Later in the game Savard placed a nice drop. Loyola came through this time with a 14-0 win.

U. OF M. vs. LOYOLA Oct. 11th

Although the players from St. Denis Street had improved greatly, it did not prevent them from being defeated by an overwhelming score, leaving Loyola well up to meet Bishops.

BISHOPS vs. LOYOLA Oct. 24th

In a hard fought game our Sherbrooke visitors went down to defeat before the well-developed Juniors. Bishops started out well and held Loyola during the early stages of the game, scoring their first point before we were well started, but Loyola came back strong and overcame the lead. J. Altimas, McCarrey, Britt, Anglin and Meschio played exceptionally well, while Smith at quarter managed his secondary defence wonderfully. It was while completing a brilliant play that Altimas was seriously injured. Loyola finished on the long end of a 26-16 score.

LOYOLA AT BISHOPS Nov. 1st

Although Loyola lost by the score of 5-8 in this game, we won the round by seven points. The match was one of the most spectacular ever witnessed in the Eastern Townships. Cannon scored

a touch for Loyola in the second quarter, and made two twenty yard runs during the play. Unfortunately he turned his ankle later on and, since he is one of the fastest men in Junior Rugby, this was a great blow to Loyola. Meschio made some sensational and very effective tackles. Smith and Hawkins played effectively. Bishops, Rabinovitch scored the touch which McCaw converted, and shortly after Walsh scored a safety touch, making Bishops the winners of the game, but leaving the Provincial title with Loyola.

R.M.C. AT LOYOLA Nov. 12th

In spite of the fact that they were behind seven to nothing in the last quarter, the plucky maroon Juniors succeeded in winning by three points over the The Kingston boys showed good team work and plenty of pluck and determination. Osler with his galloping run was a source of great trouble to the Montrealers. Cannon made a try after a forty-five yard run, which was converted by Savard. This raised Loyola's hopes and when Gagné scored a second touch. we were assured of victory, despite the fact that R.M.C. made a come back, and succeeded in booting a rouge over our line, just before the final whistle. This game between the Kingston Cadets and Loyola was considered to be one of the cleanest and most sportsman-like of the Junior Rugby Series ever played on our Campus.

LOYOLA AT R.M.C. Nov. 15th

The second game for the Eastern Intercollegiate honours was, if possible, more evenly contested than the first; try as they would neither team could gain the advantage. Cadet Johnston made a beautiful forty-five yard run, but Cannon retaliated with another of fifty yards. Savard starred for Loyola, but was able to make only one point in

the second period with a kick to the deadline. Darling for the Cadets did likewise, and it was only shortly before time that Savard scored another point for Loyola, making them winners of the game and the Eastern Intercollegiate.

LOYOLA AT VARSITY Nov. 22nd

Playing on a sodden field, and outweighed by several pounds to the man, Loyola went down to defeat before the Toronto Varsity Junior squad in the finals for the Intercollegiate Championship. By watching for opportunities, and by the sensational playing of Roland Gagné, who scored two touches in quick succession, Loyola obtained a commanding lead in the first half of the game, and at half time the score was 11-4 in their favour. After this, however, the team, tired by their long train trip, showed signs of fatigue, and Varsity began to look dangerous. A safety touch and a brilliant try by the Blue and White, who were playing a fast aggressive game, put them ahead and Loyola found themselves unable to even the score. In spite of the admirable fighting spirit and team play which had characterized the Juniors all season, points were scored against them again and again. In the closing moments, Smith, the Loyola quarter was penalized, and the team went to pieces. The final tally was 27-14 for Varsity.

OUR COACH

To Dr. Donnelly, our honorary coach and famous McGill football star, picked as inside wing forthe best Canadian team of all time, we extendour most sincere thanks and appreciation. The "Doc" has lead old Loyola to Intercollegiate and Dominion championships for the last three years; all we can add is that as long as Loyola's football squads are under his capable direction, we have no fear of the future.

THE MANAGERS

There are two men who, in our opinion, deserve special mention. These gentlemen are the managers of our Senior and Junior squads. Edmund McCaffery, senior manager, has held this position for two seasons and at all times he has been most efficient in that position, showing remarkable resource in emergency. The club will realize its loss next season when Eddie will be no longer among us.

Basil Plunkett has had singular success in managing the Juniors, although neither he nor they were overburdened with experience at the beginning of the season.

Senior Hockey

This has been a big year for Loyola in intercollegiate sports. Not only has our football team gone up a step, but hockey also advanced, for we are now competing with McGill and U. of M. in the Intermediate section.

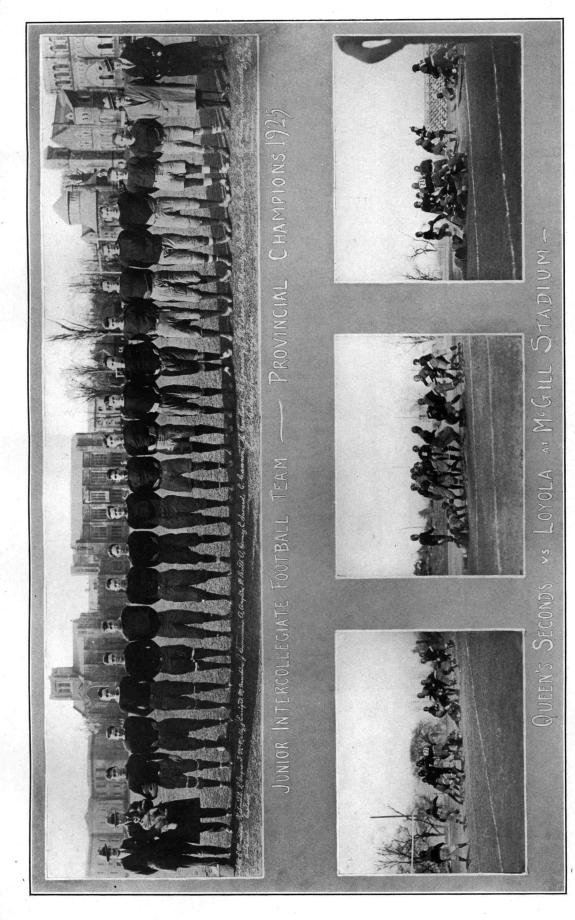
Out of seven games, we won four, tied two, and lost one; which was even better than anyone had hoped for at the beginning of the season. On behalf of the players and of the student body, we wish to thank Mr. "Clem." Trihey for the able way in which he directed both the Junior and Intermediate teams. We feel that our success is largely due to the great wealth

of training and experience brought to the players by this former Loyola student, who is numbered among the best hockey players the College has ever produced.

As Intermediate manager, Mr. Al. Kennedy, by his untiring efforts and real enthusiasm has proven himself in every respect worthy of his position.

McGILL vs. LOYOLA Jan. 10th, 1925

Due to the fact that both teams were just back from their vacations, the exhibition of hockey was not so good as two such colleges usually display. Flashes of good hockey, how-



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM—IN ABSENTIA THROUGH INJURIES J. ALTIMAS, P. GAREAU, W. LEACY, P. WILLIAMS

ever, were displayed now and then. George Mill in goal, and D'Arcy O'Connell at center played well throughout. Reid, the McGill goaler, was in good form. The game ended with a score of two all.

U. OF M. vs. LOYOLA Jan. 20th

This was the first hockey game that has ever taken place between the active students of the College and the University of Montreal. The opening period saw the visitors score once, a feat which they repeated in the third period with ten minutes to go. The play on the whole was exciting to watch, George Mill making some brilliant stops; the Loyola shooting, however, was very poor. E. Anglin and Chas. Mill did some smart playing in the final period. Later this game was protested and given to Loyola. because one of the U. of M. players was not a student of that institution.

LOYOLA vs. McGILL Jan. 24th

Before a small crowd, the finest game of the season took place at the L.C. Stadium on the evening of the 24th of January. Both teams, realizing the importance of the result to their standing in the league, did their utmost to win. O'Connell scored first for Loyola in the opening period. In the second McGill tied the score, but in the third Fregeau placed his own rebound in the net, and Bannon tallied on a perfect pass from Britt. Beaudry in the Loyola goal played a remarkable game; this was his first appearance in Intermediate hockey. The whole team played a fast clean game and had the edge of the play throughout. Final score: 3-1 for Loyola.

LOYOLA vs. MONTREAL UNIVERSITY Feb. 14th

With only three more scheduled games ahead of them, the Interme-

diates easily defeated U. of M. by a score of 5-2 at the Loyola Stadium. Loyola had the best of the play throughout; during the first period Britt scored one and Ray. Fregeau three. Ray played a brilliant game. Noble, as usual did some very effective work on defence. In the final period O'Connell, by dint of some very excellent hockey scored a neat goal. The U. of M. men showed lack of practice and combination.

U. OF M. vs. LOYOLA Jan. 29th

Loyola surprised the St. Denis Street players by defeating them one to nothing in a well-contested battle at the Mount Royal Arena on Thursday, Jan. 29th. The game was hard, but owing to bad ice the hockey displayed was not of the best. The first two periods were scoreless but with half a minute to go in the third Britt made a brilliant end to end rush and tallied for old Loyola. Hawkins, O'Connell, Anglin and Noble played well and hard. Beaudry was wonderful in goal.

LOYOLA vs. McGILL

In a game full of brilliant individual rushes and clever combination plays, Loyola lost to McGill at the Forum on Feb. 17th.

E. Anglin, starring for Loyola, opened the scoring when he sent one past Murphy, who had no chance to save. Thompson and Dion each tallied for McGill. There was no score in the third period. Beaudry in the Loyola nets turned in a good game.

McGILL AT LOYOLA Feb. 21st

McGill became Eastern collegiate champions when they defeated Loyola on soft ice at the College Stadium. In the third period Loyola had a three to one lead, but in the last two minutes this was overcome by the Red and

White, and the game ended 4-3 in favour of McGill. For the Maroon and White Billy Britt played a brilliant game and cleverly broke up many a rush. Hawkins, Fregeau, O'Connell, scored one each, and together with Noble played fine hockey. Considerable excitement was manifested by the fans throughout the three periods of play.

BOSTON COLLEGE vs. LOYOLA Jan. 25th

Sporting circles in and about the College received a distinct shock when it was mooted that the famous Boston College Senior Sextette, one of the fastest amateur hockey clubs in the U.S. was to invade Loyola. However, with characteristic promptness, both the team and their supporters started working in order to make this rumour a reality. On the night of Jan. 31st, the Stadium was well filled and everybody expected a good game. Loyola will always remember this encounter; first, because of the way our Intermediates stood up to the American Seniors, holding them to a 3-1 score in favour of Boston; and secondly, because it was a pleasure to watch the clever team work and clean sportsmanlike style of the B. C. players. Without a doubt the game was one of the finest played on our ice since the opening of the new rink and there is not a man in Loyola but sincerely hopes that in the future Boston College will play a home and home series with us each year.

Alderman O'Connell faced the puck, and Tory Shibly, who has distinguished himself in amateur hockey, ably refereed. For Loyola, D'Arcy O'Connell broke through Boston's heavy defence and scored our only goal; Britt and Noble played a brilliant and sturdy game on defence, while Beaudry did some almost perfect goaling. Hawkins, Anglin, Fregeau, C. Mill, and Bannon played fast and clever hockey, and kept

up a continuous rain of shots on the American goal. For Boston, "Sonny" Foley and Fitzgerald stood out prominently. Although we were not victorious, we are all pleased with the result, especially as Boston C. was able to defeat Queen's by a good score.

J. LYNCH STAUNTON, '25.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

On account of the promotion of last year's Junior team to Intermediate Intercollegiate ranks, many doubts were expressed as to whether this season's Junior squad would be capable of keeping up the splendid reputation made by former Loyola teams.

As the season progressed, however, these doubts vanished and praise and satisfaction took their place, for the team splendidly kept up the College's name of good hockey and better sportsmanship. They were handicapped by lack of weight and experience, but made up for this by playing steady machinelike hockey. A large part of their good showing can be attributed to Coach Trihey and his method of team-play.

The following is an account of the games played:—

ST. GABRIEL vs. LOYOLA 1-0

This game caught the team unprepared, as they had just returned the day previous from the Christmas vacations and had not yet practised together. It was a very even encounter however, and St. Gabriel's found stiff opposition in their opponents, registering but a lone tally in the second period. Beaudry was instrumental in staving off their attacks on our goal, while J. McConomy played a heady game at centre.

LOYOLA vs. ST. ANN'S 1-0

The players were working better now, showing good combination and a steady defence. "Moose" Bannon notched our sole counter on one of his



famous rushes. Tynan and Bannon along with McManamy who alternated with them, played a good defensive game, and the forward line showed the results of fine coaching. Great credit is due to the St. Ann's goal-tender who repeatedly kept his net clear of certain goals.

ST. ANTHONY vs. LOYOLA

A very exciting display of hockey was put forward by both teams in this game. Each side tallied twice in the first period and battled till two minutes before the last whistle to break the existing deadlock, when Beaudry was beaten by a lucky goal which completely fooled him, and which left the Collegians insufficient time to offset. Tynan scored both our counters on brilliant individual plays. Coulson and O'Connell combined well on the forward line, and were effective at all times.

LOYOLA vs. NATIONAL 0-0

Owing to the soft condition of the ice this game became very ragged after a few minutes of play, with neither sextette displaying enough energy to liven up the exhibition to any great extent. Both forward lines showed signs of fatigue shortly after the first whistle, and from then on seldom got in close enough to score. The game ended in a nothing all draw.

M.A.A.A. vs. LOYOLA

This one-sided score does not as in many other instances give any indication of the play. On the contrary the game was a clever match and close at all stages. M.A.A.A.'s superiority rested in their ability to take opportunities when presented while Loyola disregarded many like chances. Gagné scored for the Maroon and White on a clever play when he skated through the whole M.A.A.A. team and whipped a fast one into the corner of the net.

LOYOLA vs. VICTORIA

Realizing their mistake of the previous game, the players quickly seized any advantage given them, and were finally rewarded with success when Danny O'Connell netted the only point of the game on a well-timed pass from G. Power. A great amount of credit goes to Savard for the way he either stopped or deflected sure goal shots by the Vics' forward line. At the time this game was played Victorias were leading the League with no defeats to their credit.

ST. LAMBERT vs. LOYOLA 0-3

Apparently our players had now found their stride, for they left nothing to be desired in this win over St. Lambert's. McConomy and Tynan both found the South Shore Boys' net in the first period, while McManamy completed the scoring with a spectacular counter in the final twenty minutes. Quinlan and Manley teamed well on the forward line.

LOYOLA vs. McGILL

It seems from past recollections that there has yet to be a game between McGill and Loyola in which thrills and action are wanting. This encounter between old rivals was certainly no exception to the past rule. We will have to mention again that the score is often no indication of the play, as McGill amply proved. Again and again they bored in on our nets, but Savard was more than equal to their greatest efforts, whilst our forwards had better luck with the opposing goaler and beat him four times, O'Connell scoring three times and Coulson once. This was certainly the best game played for the Juniors during the season, and they deserve special mention for the manner in which they played as a one-man team, defeating our ancient rivals, McGill.

ST. GABRIEL vs. LOYOLA

The team had now completed their regular schedule, and had earned the right to play in the eliminations for the semi-finals. St. Gabriel's met them to contest this right, and a fast and thrilling game resulted. The first period was scoreless with both squads trying desperately to score realizing that but one goal might win the encounter. Back and forth the forward lines raced seldom getting through the defence but trying their utmost each time. Shortly after the commencement of the second period St. Gabriel's netted the only goal of the game when their right wing circled the defence and shot a waisthigh one past Savard. This did not discourage the boys, however, for they

set a still faster pace in their efforts to score, and almost succeeded in doing so on many occasions.

To Mr. Clement Trihey, the hockey coach, is attributed the success of the Junior team in entering the semifinal eliminations.

No one had conceded them a chance of doing such a thing at the season's commencement, but they grimly set out to their best. Following Coach Trihey's directions, whose slogan at all times was team play, they gradually turned their doubtful critics into zealous supporters, on account of the wonderful hockey and fighting spirit they displayed in their contests.

J. F. CORCORAN, H.S., '25.

INTRA-MURAL HOCKEY

The spirit of Loyola is widely known and admired by outsiders, and many have often wondered how this spirit, which is so frequently lacking in other colleges and universities has been so perfectly developed in Loyola. We may possibly offer one reason for this great spirit if we cite the interest and rivalry which characterize every physical and intellectual contest between the classes. This is still more evident in the Intra-Mural Hockey League games.

Never before in the history of the Intra-Mural League have the various schedules been completed without a single hitch, and yet never has there been so much free-ice left at the disposal of the students. For this universal success we have to thank alone Mr. E. Escandon, the convenor of the games. Below is a synopsis of the League's activities during the season.

SENIOR LEAGUE

Five teams composed this section: Philosophy, Sophomore Freshman, Fourth High, and Third High. The barring of the Senior College players from class hockey evened up the teams in this League, and play was close all during the season. However, under the able management of George Mulligan, Fourth High, finally captured the Championship, but only after strong opposition from the Sophomore Team which made them play two games to accomplish it, the first one resulting in a tie.

INTERMEDIATE LEAGUE

The Intermediate League consisted of eight teams; Philosophy Team "A", Philosophy Team "B", Sophomore, Freshman, Fourth High, Third High, Second High "A", Second High "B". As a rule the hockey in this League is more interesting and exciting that in the others on account of both the evenness and number of teams participating. This year was no exception, and the energy and spirit with which the numerous teams played their scheduled games filled the interested onlookers with no less enthusiasm. The close of the League's programme found Fourth High and Second High "B"



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT:—CHAS. MILL, MGR., F. GOODLEAF, A. DONOHUE G. KENNEDY, D. FLOOD, T. BURKE, N. SAYLOR, D'A. O'CONNELL N. SMITH, J. SLATTERY.

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fighting off for divisional honors. Through the able captainship of Johnny Burke, and their ambitious manager, "Sunshine Hawkins", Second High "B" defeated Fourth High by the close score of two to one.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Six teams composed this section: Fourth High, Third High, Second High "A", Second High "B", First High "A", and First High "B". In this league the young players showed their wares, and they certainly had some to show. Every game was replete with thrills and good hockey no matter which teams met, and the earnestness that is sometimes lacking in the higher leagues was never absent when these squads clashed. Fourth High again sent out a team to the finals to meet First High "A" who were more than eager to engage in battle to the finish. An exciting exhibition was the result of this antagonistic meeting. The two teams played to the final period without either scoring until Freddy Elliott notched the only counter of the game with but a few minutes to go. This gave the Championship to Captain Ruddy Timmins' squad, and the Second Championship to Fourth High.

JUVENILE LEAGUE

Six teams formed this league: Third High, Second High "A," Second High "B," First High "A," First High "B," Preparatory. The Juvenile section of College players performed in this division, but the earnestness with which the games were played made one forget that they were the youngest hockeyists in the college. Second High "B" emerged as champions after they had downed First High "A" in a brilliant victory. Frank Shaughnessy deserves a lot of credit for the manner in which he captained his squad in this the deciding contest of the season. The final game between these two teams for the championship took place previous to any other final, so that the winners took special pride for about a week in being declared the first decided champions of the Intra-Mural League.

JAMES F. CORCORAN, H.S. '25

Lacrosse

Loyola this year can boast of the largest turn out of players that Lacrosse has experienced during the past four years of its existence on our campus. The support that the national game has received shows that its popularity and progress increases year by year. At the beginning of the season, Charlie Mill was appointed Manager, and the team was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Edward Farney as honorary coach. Under his able direction, the team has improved one hundred percent. The daily practices see a group of at least thirty players hard at work, and mid-season shows the team composed of a heady and wellbalanced aggregation of players.

U. OF M. vs. LOYOLA

On April 25th the season opened with a game against University of Montreal, and although the visitors finished on the long end of an 8-2 score, the play was much more even than the score would indicate. Trotier turned in the best game for U. of M. while for Loyola G. Mill, O'Connell, Noble and G. Kennedy showed flashes of speed and did good work. The team as a whole lacked condition, as they had had at that time only two practices. The game developed into a contest of youth against experience, the latter being the victor.

CAUGHNAWAGA vs. LOYOLA

Before a large crowd of spectators, a fast, exciting game was played against the well-trained Indians, both teams giving a splendid display of stick handling and combination plays. Loyola had improved greatly, and had it not been for the extraordinary staying power of the visitors, together with the phenomenal saves of their goaler, Malbourne, Loyola would surely have won. As it was, the score stood 5-1 against us when the final whistle blew. Chisholm, G. Mill, O'Connell, Dona-

hue, and Lynch-Staunton turned in very good games for Loyola.

Since the *Review* goes to press before the close of the season, we cannot chronicle the remaining games. Arrangements are under way to play various local clubs, and a request has been received by the Manager for a game with Syracuse University when their team travels to meet the University of Montreal squad.

CHARLES A. MILL, '26.

Tennis

The Loyola Tennis Club enjoyed much more popularity in 1924 than in the preceding year, due mainly to the untiring efforts of Rev. Father McLellan, S.J., who put the courts in such good condition that they now compare favorably with the best in Montreal.

The only tournaments held during the year were the class engagements and an outside encounter with the Tennis Club of St. Ignatius Parish. The play in the Senior Doubles Tournament was started early in May, and lasted throughout the month. Many brilliant victories and hard defeats followed till Pedro Suinaga and Charles Mill won the competition by defeating Donald Flood and Eustaquio Escandon in straight sets. The Senior Singles Tournament was finally won by Donald Flood after many interesting and hard fought games.

The Junior Tournament was also a great success, as it gave the younger boys an opportunity to display their

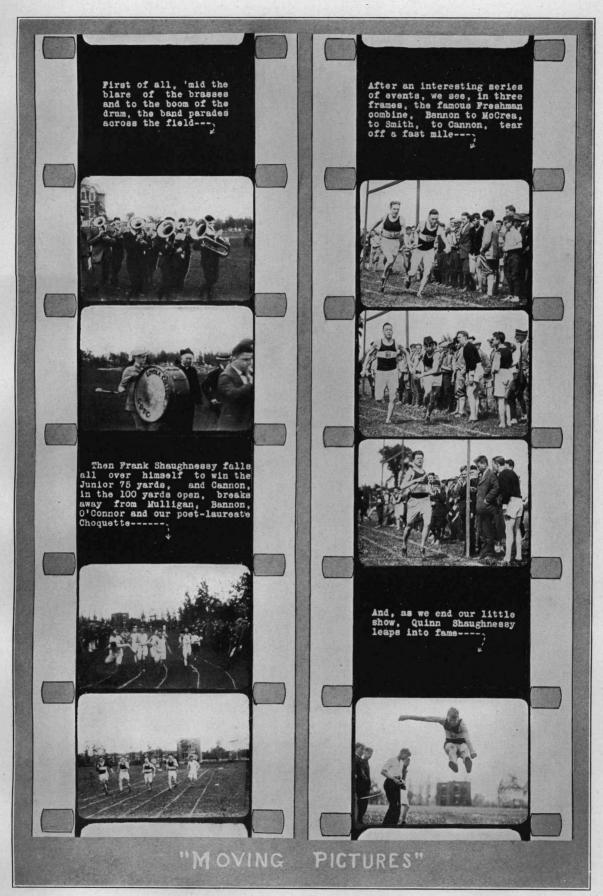
skill. Rudolphe Blagdon and Ronald McDonald succeeded in winning the Doubles, while Blagdon was also successful in gaining the Singles championship.

In the engagement with the St. Ignatius Tennis Club neither team showed superiority, and the Tournament ended in a draw. Excellent play on both sides was the feature of all the games, while the evenness of both the set and games held the interest of the spectators throughout. Each club promises to break the existing tie in the near future, so that tennis followers of local habitation are assured that they will see good matches. These are not the only engagements carded for the coming season, however, as a number of games will be played with the McGill Tennis Club. With these exhibitions in view we feel assured that the coming season will be as successful as any in the past.

A. Donohue, '28.

Basketball

After a relapse of several seasons basketball was again resumed at Loyola this year. A team was picked from a large number of aspirants, and under the able direction of Honorary Coach Kearns, the squad invaded several local basketball camps to emerge victorious in the majority of the encounters.



FIELD DAY-1924

Through the kindness of the Catholic High School practices were held in the students' gymnasium on the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for which no games were carded. On account of this, the quintette developed into a fast, strong team and one which was able not only to uphold the College's name in athletics, but to establish it in a new branch of sport.

Many difficulties presented themselves at the beginning of the season, but the players still persevered under all handicaps. The personnel of the team was as follows: Smith (Capt.), O'Brien, Darche, Daly, Altimas, H. Dunne, Pickering, Flood, K. Heusner, Harquail, and Mulligan.

Mr. Eddie Kearns is responsible for a large part of the creditable showing made by the squad, and is to be congratulated on this new work he took up at the request of the basketballers. Mr. Kearns seems capable of turning anything he takes up into a complete success.

N. SMITH, '27.



Eighteenth Annual Field Day Results, 1924

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height, Distance	Record	. Table and the same
	· ·	OPEN	TO COLLEGE			,
100 yds. dash	E. Cannon	M. Bannon	G. Mulligan	10 2-5 sec	10 1-5 sec. {P. Murphy, J. Gallery,	1912 1915
220 yds. dash 120 yds. hurdles 880 yds	E. Cannon W. Montabone E. Cannon	M. Bannon M. Bannon N. Smith	W. O'Connor F. Manley M. Bannon	23 4-5 sec 14 4-5 sec 2.22 1-5 sec.	23 sec. J. Gallery, New record 2.12 3-5 sec. W. Montabe	1915
440 yds. dash High Jump Broad Jump Pole Vault Putting Shot	E. Cannon K. McArdle M. Bannon L. Boyle K. McArdle	M. Bannon F. Manley E. Cannon J. Cummins G. Mulligan	G. Tynan G. Mulligan W. O'Connor J. McNamara A. Pickering	54 4-5 sec 5 ft. 1½ ins. 18 ft. 4 ins 8 ft. 1 in 36 ft. 3½ in.	53 4-5 sec. J. Gallery, 5 ft. 7 ins. J. McGarry, 20 ft. 11 ins. J. Gallery, 8 ft. 8 ins. D. Walsh, 37 ft. 6½ in. D. Walsh,	1913 1920 1915 1921 1923
Throwing Discus One Mile	F. Manley W. Montabone	W. Donovan A. Pickering	K. McArdle D. O'Connell	86 ft 5.15 2-5 sec	New record 5.5 sec F. Shallow,	1900
UNDER 18 YEARS						
100 yds. dash 220 yds. dash 880 yds	R. Gagné R. Gagné L. Stone	P. Williams P. Williams H. Lemesurier	P. Murphy G. Beaudin J. Chevrier	11 2-5 sec 23 4-5 sec 2.22 sec	New record. New record. 2.15 secW. Leacy,	1923
		UNI	DER 16 YEARS		*	
100 yds. dash 220 yds. dash 440 yds. dash High Jump Broad Jump 100 yds. hurdles Pole Vault	J. O'Connor Q. Shaughnessy R. Currie J. Garland Q. Shaughnessy Q. Shaughnessy R. McDonald	R. Currie L. Vachon J. Burke J. Burke R. Phelan	R. Phelan W. Bland P. Bray R. Currie P. Bray J. Burke	11 1-4 secs. 27 sec 1.06 sec 4 ft. 5 ins 16 ft. 2 ins 15 1-5 sec 5 ft. 8 ins	11 sec {B. Browne, A. Wendling, 24 4-5 sec E. Cannon, 58 sec G. Noonan, 5 ft. 1 in G. Tynan, 18 ft. 6½in. A. Wendling, 14 4-5 sec F. Manley, 6 ft E. Brady,	1922 1914 1923
UNDER 14 YEARS						
75 yds. dash 80 yds. hurdles. High Jump	F. Shaughnessy T. Slattery W. Rinfret	F. Whitton F. Shaughnessy. F. Shaughnessy	M. Donald	9 1-5 sec 14 2-5 sec 3 ft. 9 ins	New record 13 2-5 sec J. Burke, 4 ft. 7 ins Q. Shaughnee	1923 ssy, 1923
440 yds. dash	F. Shaughnessy	J. Burns	T. Slattery	1.5 1-5 sec	1.4 4-5 sec E. Foy,	1923
		RI	ELAY RACES			
College High School	Freshman Third High	Sophomore Fourth High	Second High	3.50 sec 4.00 5-6 sec.	3.45 secPhilosophy, 3.53 1-5 sec.Third High,	1915 1923
				<u> </u>		



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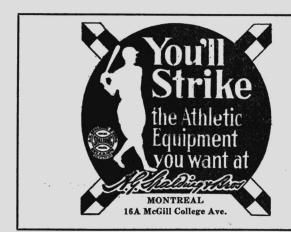
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